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THE EDITOR'S ANGLE.

IN ONE SCENE—WITH A MORAL.

Editor Shakespeariana.—I' the name of jesting!
Here comes the trout that must be caught
with tickling. [*T. N.* II, v.]

(*Enter General Reader.*)

Hola! stand there, [*Othello* I, ii.]
I desire more acquaintance with you. [*Merry Wives* II, ii.]

Reader.—To what effect? [*Julius Cæsar* I, ii.]

Editor.—The effect of your own purpose, [*M. for M.* II, i.]
That highly may advantage thee, [*Titus And.* V, i.]
As to your soul seems good. [*M. for M.* I, ii.]

Reader.—What advancement may I hope from thee? [*Ham.* III, ii.]

Editor.—The bettering of thy mind, [*Temp.* I, ii.]
By author's pen or actor's voice, [*Pro. Troil. and Cr.*]
Contemplative in living art, of him [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
Who had the dialect and different skill
To catch all passions in his craft of will. [*A Lover's Comp.*]

Reader.—What mean you by that saying? [*T. G. of Ver.* V, iv.]

Editor.—Marry, sir, here's my drift; [*Ham.* II, i.]
Let your study be [SHAKESPEARE];— [*Lear*, I, i.]
If my instructions may be your guide [*M. for M.* IV, ii.]
Account me your servant to study deserving, [*W. T.*, and *Lear.*]
And now SUBSCRIBE YOUR NAMES, [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
To make this contract grow. [*Temp.* IV, i.]

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Contributions on subjects within the scope of the magazine are desired, and will receive prompt attention and reply.

As SHAKESPEARIANA holds a peculiar place among periodicals, by reason of its unique design and special field, its greatest possible measure of usefulness and success can not be reached without the co-operation of all students and lovers of Shakespeare and Shakespearian literature. It asks therefore, that the members of Shakespeare Societies and Classes everywhere, will report their work and condition from time to time, and also any bits of Shakespearian news of interest, indulgently leaving their publication, of course, to the judgement of the Editor, in view of the needs, opportunities and conveniences of the magazine. Address,

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SOME READERS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

As a child, in the country, I remember seeing, now on the library bookshelves, and now on the parlor centre-table—that universal receptacle of the best books in the best bindings, intended more for the eye and for ornamentation than use—a ponderous copy in red cloth of the Complete Works of William Shakespeare, edited by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. The name was so queer, and so long, and so unpronouncable, (I had no notion then of the controversy respecting the spelling of it) as to produce a strangely oppressive effect upon my young imagination. Often I took up the volume and attempted to read the wonderful blank verse, blank to me then in every sense, and then turned to the few steel illustrations it contained, one of which, Lady Macbeth holding a candle in her hand, and huskily, I suppose, reciting:—

I laid their daggers ready,

produced upon my mind an impression of murderous intent which has echoed in my dreams ever since. It was to me a beautiful picture. Who the actress was that impersonated the royal witch, for she bewitched me, I do not recall; but in her light flowing garment, her beautiful bosoms chastely exposed, she was as fascinating in the picture as the loveliest of Juliets. Strange as it may seem, that engraving, inferior as it may have been, affected me more vividly and profoundly than the play itself in future and maturer years. And then the preface by Dr. Samuel Johnson!—more ponderous even than the speeches of Shakespeare's royal characters, who may not, for dignity's sake, descend to common speech. As an introduction to the latter, it was, to me, an utter failure. One sentence was a study, and while it made me long for a full comprehension of the poet's works, kept me in abject and hopeless discouragement. No doubt you remember it, and, with me, recognize one of the first adequately appreciative utterances on the mighty genius:—

"The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another. The stream of time, which is perpetually washing the dissoluble fragments of other poets passes by without injury the adamant of Shakespeare."

---

* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society.

This one sentence from his magnificent preface should forever preserve it. Even yet, despite the fact that Johnson's edition is no longer recognized as in any respect an authority, I pick it up and read its notes, and enjoy its solecisms, and, indeed, feel an affection for it which all the learning of "last editions" is unable to diminish. Johnson *read* the plays. The best compliment he could have paid Shakespeare was that in which he said, referring to one of the great tragedies, "It was easy enough to write it." It *had* been written easily, so to speak, and it read, as masterpieces must always read, without apparent difficulty. Had I possessed Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, or the synopsis of plays contained in many modern editions, I might have been earlier introduced to at least the wholly delightful characters of the comedies. Nevertheless the omniverous reader, whose taste is universal and whose appetite leads him into the abundant pastures of eighteenth century literature, has little use for introductions to Shakespeare. He is to be met with everywhere. The maker of the first adequate English dictionary used him piecemeal; the greatest of the great Germans, especially in his *Wilhelm Meister*, presents him to his reading public in the pleasantest garb; Lamb, who is usually and naturally the favourite of young literary cormorants, (and for that matter old ones too) in his *Dramatists* whets the appetite of expectation, and Coleridge, and DeQuincy, and all contemporary writers have either made him their text, or sat at his feet. Our own Emerson has said the best and sweetest things of him, and Carlyle, lofty in thought and profound in criticism, has added his mighty mite. Taine, of course, whose dictum may be found on all terrestrial, and, perhaps, celestial subjects, has patronized him. The school-reader would be impossible without him; and the provincial debating society or lyceum would be less influential than it is in broadening the minds and forming the style of developing statesmen.

The title of this paper is perhaps misleading. The names of famous readers of Shakespeare will at once occur to you. With Garrick, and Kemble, and Kean, and Mrs. Siddons, and Irving, and Forrest, and Booth, and Murdoch, I have nothing to do. They were readers in quite another sense. It is of some of the multitude to whom our author has been the solace in the solitude of their lives that I propose to speak; and it may be that in many cases I shall let them tell their own story in their own words. Old Roger Ascham, one of the earliest of schoolmasters, and the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, has no words for his greatest contemporary, else we might have had from him, to begin with, a quaintly appreciative characterization. He was not, however, a believer in any English literature, of that or preceding times, expressing contempt of Chaucer, and giving himself up wholly to the study of the Greek and Latin authors. He had time for cock-fighting, to which he was devoted, but no sufficient sense of the literature which was soon to become, and now is, the glory of our language. Bacon,

who doubtless read the plays, as Byron is accused of doing, in his closet, derived from them reflections weightier even than those of which his own mind was capable. But Bacon does not refer to him. He, too, in common with most of the scholars of that day, subordinated all that had yet appeared in his own language to the learning of preceding ages; and, indeed, the influence of the classics was so great that scholarship seemed the end, and not the means. I cannot help believing that Shakespeare never could have been, that he would have been impossible, had he been a mere student. As Coleridge somewhere says, "the body and substance of his immortal works came from the depths of his own oceanic mind," and only observation of human life and manners, and not reading or study, could have produced the living personalities of his pages. What there was of village life his poems and comedies attest; what there was of the great world of London and English history his tragedies, in faithful detail and in overwhelming abundance, testify. The British Constitution is a growth; the Code de Napoléon is a growth; the Common Law is a growth—all of them of as gradual formation as the rock in the quarry—but the plays of Shakespeare are the spontaneous production of an inexhaustible genius, who saw Nature in detail and in whole, apparently without the limitations which hedge about the faculties of educated men, who polish with infinite patience the valueless stone of commerce in the belief that it is the diamond which kings may pledge their thrones to obtain.

Nature's majesty is best exemplified in her mountains. The sea, in time of storm, is a sight of wonderful sublimity; but mountains, as they lie talking together, as it were, with their ponderous shapes lifted into the very heavens, inspire the beholder with silent wonderment. Shakespeare appears in literature as a great shape, elevated still higher by the contrasting shapes about him, many of them of vast size, yet only so as separated from him. This alone has always seemed to me to demonstrate his authorship of the greatest of the plays. Aside from his there was no one mind of the time, nor, indeed, of any preceding or subsequent age, which could have produced any one of them; and the attempt to show that five or ten, or a greater number of minds assisted in their composition, is simply to imply an equal faculty with his, whilst the plays do not show an unequal collaboration—one part the production of the highest genius, and another that of mediocrity—but, rather, a homogeneous integrity, the result, not necessarily of great learning, but of a uniform observation of every phase of human life, and a universal expression, whether in the lofty phrase of royalty or the simple English of the peasantry, which has ever since been the despair of literary achievement. In art, in architecture, in mechanics, there may be an equality of excellence by many hands, but in poetry what an incongruous copartnership were that which should include Tennyson and Walt Whitman, Emerson and Saxe, Coleridge and

Bret Harte, Whittier and Poe, and what could come of it but a conglomeration unworthy of either of them?

I do not believe that poets can play with the "fine phrensy" as with ten-pins, nor do I believe that any great poet would be content thus to cast away his individuality and his hoped-for fame.

But I do not choose the part of controversy. The Baconian theory, or any theory which has simply to do with the authorship of the plays, can serve the purpose of discussion as to the genuineness of that authorship, and thus add much to our knowledge of the works of the author in the interpretation of obscurities which arise chiefly from local causes.

One of the first readers of Shakespeare whose name occurs to the cultivated mind is that of Charles Lamb. In how many ways he was such, and how frequent were his draughts from that fountain, we can only know by the use he made of it. His mind was always refreshed and stimulated by the plays. It is difficult to tell whether the tragedies or the comedies were his preference. He himself had something of the nature and the wit of Falstaff—but how much more. Falstaff (and we choose to treat him as a real personage) had no sensibility whatever; he had no perception of the meaning of tragedy. Lamb, on the other hand, had never a joke the source of which was not "too deep for tears." The characteristic in Falstaff which must have most attracted Lamb's admiration was doubtless his utter abandonment of every sense of propriety, (if he could be said to have ever had a sense of the kind), in this respect being the most perfect of all Shakespeare's characters. None of his women even are absolutely above the reproach of flippancy, however virtuous and delightful in all other respects: but Falstaff presents not one phase of decency or of conscience; he is immoral, wicked, a thief, a highwayman, a seducer, a traitor: he is without humanity, gratitude, patriotism: indeed, the Prince, with all his eloquent description of the old villain, fell far short of drawing his picture. But he is the the most delightful of villains, and might have seduced the susceptible youth of any age. Young men are particularly fascinated by him. I have known two or three young minds whose first reading of Shakespeare began with *Henry IV,* and whose admiration for Jack Falstaff was unbounded, although the rest of the play was then a sealed book to them. When Falstaff has the courage to make a butt of the chief justice, it is glorious fun, and the more so as it is in the very face of the law. Jack may be called the great outrager of social humbug and pretention; and whether as the soldier or the civilian we find him, indeed, the exaggerated exemplar of much that has existed nowhere else in the world so much as in England. Lamb saw better than many that there was no incongruity in the character. It was as real as Don Quixote. Had it been, indeed, without title to a place among not only the creations of the imagination, but of those of the Maker of

us all, it would have passed away like all ephemeral things, instead of becoming one of our most intimate friends, and to us, if any there be, who have a sympathy for the vagabond in human nature, is a companion whom we would like to meet again,—for it seems so long since we parted—over a mug of ale or other substitute for the sack of which, I grant you, he sometimes, paradoxically, "got too much, but never got enough." I fancy I can distinguish Elia's hand in his own and Mary Lamb's tales from Shakespeare. Mary is said to have had a fine sense of humor, as she undoubtedly possessed a skillful literary hand; but she could not penetrate the profound recesses of human nature as he could. He had the unusual faculty of becoming as a little child, of viewing with a child's eye the figures which flitted across the pages of his reading, and he never lost, as his writings show, the tinge of wonderment which is generally discernible only in undeveloped minds. I have often wished he had edited an edition of Shakespeare. His fine critical acumen would have made it of value to students and scholars, while his ingenuity in clearing up obscurities of meaning, and his delightful style, would have gratified the taste of the dainty reader who cares more for the jewel than for the place from which it comes. It would be easy to quote the passages which Lamb loved best, though they would doubtless fill a volume. Those acquainted with his peculiarly hospitable mind will readily imagine the the selection he would have made. Perhaps he would have had the least sympathy with Timon, who, to the morbid mind, represents the side of hnman nature which rules the world. The high and mighty thoughts of the tragedies stirred his very soul; the wondrous beauty of the poetry of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* transported and tranquillized him; the clowns were more interesting to him than the kings. He joked and drank sack with Falstaff, he stuttered with Mistress Quickly; he felt the full force of Falsaff's subtle flattery on meeting Mrs. Page:

> Now let me die, for I've seen enough;

he had delightful personal interviews with Dogberry; ah! what did he not get from that world of intellectual and moral beauty? I am sure it was a pity that Crusoe had not with him Shakepeare as well as the Bible. The latter was but the history of the race, its sufferings and vicissitudes, under the eye and the hand of the Creator; the former would have supplied him with the very companionship which he had left behind him in his native land, and comforted him more, perhaps, as this world goes, than the inspired descriptions of peoples with whose manners and customs he could have had only the adventitious sympathy which comes from belonging to the same human family. Perhaps, however, Defoe was right, for Shakespeare and the Bible together might have proved sufficient to content Crusoe with his isle, and to effectually wean him from the

world. Let us be thankful, therefore, that Shakespeare's complete works were not a part of the cargo of the shipwrecked vessel, for we might otherwise be deprived of one of the few books which have a perennial flavor, and are devoured by every ingenuous youth and preserved in his memory for future and delectable uses.

Perhaps Lamb, at least on one occasion, read Shakespeare under greater difficulties than that of any of his admirers:—

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit-door of the Covent-Garden Theatre to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and meridian—in *Hamlet*. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party whom I met near the door of the play-house; and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens' Shakespeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening,—the rush, as they term it,—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamplight. The clamor became universal. "The affectation of the fellow!" cried one. "Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa!" squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. "He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand!" exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on, and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved as St. Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins moping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight as if he were sole tenant of the desert. The individual rabble (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights since; and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

Washington Irving was a reader of Shakespeare. Few have read him to the same advantage, and no English writer has presented Shakespeare's claims in more just and eloquent terms. He was not content to praise his amazing works; he visited his home, the places in London made famous by his having visited or lived in them; and in the most poetical of all his prose he recalls, in imagination, the characters most delightful to his heart. A recent re-reading of his visit to Stratford increased my admiration of Irving, whose writings are, I regret to say, not sufficiently appreciated by his countrymen. His works should grow in their estimation, as his personal character has grown, until it has become the synonym of whatever is best in human life. Ah! the world will never know the influence which literature has had upon the development of the higher types of manhood. It would be difficult to find one thoroughly civilized man, from Sir Philip Sydney to Emerson, who was not a lover of literature, and whose entire career and influence were not directly traceable to early reading. There have been a few great men of learning whose vices were not modified by their fondness for books, but the number is so small that it may be used to fortify our statement. A very eminent jurist, whose friendship it has been my privilege for many

years to enjoy, and whose virtues are conspicuous, once said to me that he did not believe any young man who had read Scott's novels in an appreciative spirit could ever do a mean thing. Many are the young minds who have been sent to Shakespeare's plays by the delicious fancies of Irving in his Stratford residence. His dreams of the characters of the plays were such as might have followed a night of conversation and merry-making with their creator.

In Emerson we find a reader of our author whose appreciation seems without limit. He uses nothing but superlatives, and nearly every sentence reminds us of what Heine said of Goethe :—

"Die Natur wollte wissen wie sie aussieht, und sie erschuof Goethe." (Nature, wanting to see how she looked, created Goethe.)

Yet his superlatives are preceded by reasons for their use which seem not to admit of question. In his essay, *Shakespeare; or The Poet*, he complains of the

madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams, and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered,—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished.

Elsewhere he says :—

Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us,

thus making use of a similar thought of Goethe, that

Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen;
Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,

the subtle beauty of which I can only half express in translation :—

Who would interpret poetry aright
Must dwell upon Parnassus height:
Who would the poet understand,
Must visit in the poet's land.

In this short essay Emerson exhibits a knowledge of the subject which can hardly be surpassed by any special student of Shakespeare,—a knowledge not only of the names of the characters and their purposes (which, unfortunately, is clearly the limit with many who are somewhat vain of their acquirements in this respect), but an acquaintance with the operations of that wonderful brain and the essential purpose and ultimate influence of his works. How amply he epitomizes in a

few sentences what we all feel as readers of Shakespeare, but do not dare attempt to express. He asks:—

Who ever read the volume of the Sonnets, without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the lore of friendship and of love; the confusion of sentiment in the most susceptible, and, at the same time, the most intellectual of men? What trait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? One can discern in his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king, what forms and humanities pleased him; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio, the merchant, answer for his great heart. So far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught State, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour?

And Emerson continued to the last to be a reader of Shakespeare, and to find in his works what Jarno told Wilhelm Meister he should find.

"Have you never read one of Shakespeare's plays?" inquired Jarno, leading him aside.

"No," answered Wilhelm, "since the time when they became popular in Germany I have been little connected with the stage. * * But from what I have heard of those productions I have no desire to become acquainted with such extraordinary exaggerations, which are in utter defiance of all probability and propriety."

"I should advise you, however," said Jarno, "to make a trial of them; it cannot injure you to see even what is wonderful with your own eyes. I will lend you a volume or two, and you cannot employ your time better than by giving up every other pursuit, and in the solitude of your own chamber looking into the magic lantern of that unknown world."

Which Wilhelm did; and the student of Shakespeare, who does not know the result of that reading has yet to enjoy the most subtle and profound discussion, which has ever been held, thus far, on his claim to the highest niche in the monument of literary fame. That great novel, which, in its peculiar field, was of inestimable value in its influence on the literature and language of Germany, served almost as good a purpose in introducing Shakespeare to the German people as did the translations of Wieland and Schlegel. Lessing, the critic, had already introduced him, but the extraordinary story of human life, which was almost universally read, sent the general reader to the library and the book shop for the great dramatist's plays.

The French people do not, of course, because they cannot, from constitutional and other causes, take kindly to Shakespeare. It cannot be that they are unable to understand his philosophical moods, for many of their best and favourite authors have been profound moralists; indeed, where

else but to them shall we go to find thought in such compendious form? They have produced more makers of maxims than any other people, and, as in the case of Vauvenargues, they excel in them from youth up. The dramatic poets of France have delighted in moralizing, and the people in applauding it. Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and Hugo are often ponderous enough to suit the most sluggish taste. They have wit, and humour, and are not less objectionable in a moral sense, than their English contemporaries. But the French people do not read Shakespeare. They cannot, indeed, in their own language, and never will. They must learn English to appreciate him. I have more than once compared a French translation of *Hamlet* with the original, and have always been struck with the inadequacy of the French language (and the fault was not with the translator; he used the vocabulary he had,) to convey the meaning, much less the beauty, of the poet. I made no notes of the examples I met with, having then no thought of using them, and will not, therefore, give any. A comparison of various translations, however, satisfied me that that of Victor Hugo is nearest the original. In the introduction to his translation, (a splendid specimen of the poet's style, and much more interesting than his version of the play) he says: "La traduction littérale de Shakespeare étant devenue possible nous l'avons tenté. Avons-nous réussi? Le lecteur en jugera." Such expressions as "methinks" (translated Eh! bien) and "'Tis very like!" (Il a l' apparence) give no notion whatever of the peculiar significance of those idioms. Paul Maurice has succeeded well in rendering the soliloquies, the "To be or not to be," having a quite English expression. Like Goethe, I must prefer the German translation of Wieland to that of Schlegel and Tieck, fine as is the latter, and must acknowledge a better English scholarship in the translation of Hugo and others than in those of the last century.

Yet much might be said on the other side, to show the appreciation of individual Frenchmen of Shakespeare. For example, Emile De Laveleye, an eminent scholar and thinker, has this to say:—

> I was studying *Hamlet* at the time of the "Coup d' Etat" of 1852. This event dismayed me. Before the year 1848 I looked forward with confidence to a general disarmament, to peaceful progress, and to the coming triumph of liberty in the world; and, a little later, when Lamartine addressed words of affection and friendship, in the name of Republican France, to all other nations, he seemed to me to be realizing the Utopia of poets and prophets. A new era was commencing; as Beranger writes:—
>
> La paix descendait sur la terre
> Sémant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis;
>
> and the swords would be turned into ploughshares. Democracy would become established without violence or bloodshed, as the result of a regular and apparently irresistible movement. The sovereignty of the people seemed to be assured, and St. Simon's programme of the moral, intellectual, and material amelioration of the masses appeared likely to be set on foot. But alas! these bright dreams were

visionary! The days of June partly marred their splendor, and soon afterwards, on a dark winter's night, an adventurer, armed only with the power borrowed from the memory of an odious despot, drives out the people's representatives, shoots those who resist, stifles liberty, and reinstates absolute and autocratic government. This unexpected triumph of evil was a great blow to me, and a cause of deep anguish.

I could not help questioning whether justice was to be found at all in the world. I said to myself: A perverse man rules supreme. The just and the true friends of the people and of liberty are exiled and imprisoned. How can God permit such violation of His equitable laws?

In reading *Hamlet* I found the expression of similar sentiments. It seemed to me that his mind was troubled by sight of the triumph of evil over good, by the distressing enigma ever meeting us in human societies where, as in Nature, happiness is not reserved to the deserving, and trouble to sinners. I found Louis Napoleon marching to the Tuileries, through the pools of blood of December, in Hamlet's imprecation, when speaking to his mother of his father's assassin, her husband, he says:—

> A murderer and a villain,
> A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
> Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
> A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
> That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket!
>
> [III, iv.]

Under the empire of these feelings of indignation and despair I thought I attained a better conception of Shakespeare's drama.

That Walter Savage Landor read Shakespeare is made plain in this superb apostrophe:—

> Vast objects of remote altitude must be looked at a long while before they are ascertained. Ages are the telescope tubes that must be lengthened out for Shakespeare, and generations of men serve but as single witnesses to his claims.

Again he says:—

> A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton.

Jean Paul Richter, that stupendous genius, whose writings are so difficult even to the German mind, and whose eccentricities of style were not more remarkable than his character and personal life, has spoken words in praise of Shakespeare which no Englishman has equalled. Byron's silence on our subject is perhaps the highest of compliments. It is like a kiss through a veil, as Victor Hugo somewhere says. His lordship could not contemplate an altitude somewhat nearer the Empyrean than his own.

The universality of Shakespeare has made us *all* see ourselves in him. He has indeed held the mirror up to nature. The physician thinks he was a doctor; the theologian, while he fears Shakespeare may have been a non-believer, yet finds proofs of his orthodoxy; the atheist and infidel conclude he was such, for he does not attempt to pry into celestial secrets; the spiritualist claims him, for did he not call spirits from the vasty deep and make one at least talk in

most other-world language? They all read him wrongly. He was neither. He was, on the contrary, a man, who has described his fellows precisely as they play their parts here, seeing in them, as he does, not beings intended for a visionary state of life, in which they shall be assigned to hopeless misery or to unending bliss,—

> Not for any good or ill they've done afore Him ;

but creatures with vices and virtues, with high and low qualities, limited always, though more worthy of favor than neglect, and entitled to a savior from circumstances which they had nothing to do in creating.

CHARLES C. MARBLE.

PRIMARY POETIC FORMS.

There are few questions within the province of poetry which have given rise to wider versatility of view than that pertaining to the classification of methods, forms and schools. Modern English critics are multiplying rather than diminishing these divisions. From one quarter we hear of the Oriental, the Greek and the Gothic Schools. Schlegel and his successors in England and Germany speak of the Classical and the Romantic Schools. Others tell us of the Natural and the Conventional, while in the special sphere of English Poetry such names as Alexandrine, Realistic, the Art School, and the Lake School are familiar to all.

As a matter of subjective literary philosophy there are but three fundamental forms in which the poetic mind may be said to express itself;—the Creative, the Impassioned and the Critical. Even in the sphere of prose it might be shown that for all substantial purposes a similar classification holds. In poetry, however, the division is all inclusive and has special illustration in English letters.

I.—The Creative.

This is what Mr. Arnold would call, The Poetry of Ideas. The older metaphysicians would have termed it, the product of Original Suggestion. It is inventive rather than imitative, indicative rather than exhaustive. It evokes into action that special function of the poet by which he is known as the maker, or in First-English phrase, the Scôp, the shaper, of chaotic material into order and beauty. It is here that poetic genius finds its occasion and fullest expression. All the deepest and strongest intuitions of the poet's nature come here to their most

healthful exercise. It is now that the "poet's eye" has its clearest vision and widest range of outlook, that the poet's imagination as the special faculty of his poetic being is lifted to its highest possible level, and as "it bodies forth the forms of things unknown" reaches its fullest presentative and constructive power. In this best expression of its activity all distinctions between the imagination as poetic and philosophic may be said to vanish in the fusion of the poet and the thinker. It is needless to state that such an order of mind is rare and that the strictly creative verse of the world's literature may be included in a few volumes. We find it in those few epics that have received the general endorsement of critics, in the somewhat more numerous dramatic masterpieces of ancient and modern times, while, here and there, within the broader area of lyric verse occasional examples of its presence are seen. The vast majority of the poetic product of the world has no perceptible trace of this inventive element and is to this extent undeserving of the name of poetry. Even within the domain of the epic and the dramatic its presence is but partial. Sir Richard Blackmore has had far more followers in English epic than Milton has had, while Shadwell is not the only English Laureate who has written inferior dramas. There is poetry and there is poetry, and the more one reads of the multiplied effusions of modern versifiers the more he is convinced of the fact that the writing of "nonsense-verses" is not confined to the class-rooms of English schools. Poetry is one thing, Poesy is another.

The poet produces. The poetaster reproduces. In that long list of Victorian and American Poets to which Mr. Stedman calls our attention how few are they to whom the "vision and faculty divine" have been really given! Mr. Arnold is right in asserting "that a free creative activity is the highest function of man." It is also, the highest function of the author and the poet, and is as infrequent as it is exalted.

II. The impassioned.

It is interesting to note that by far the most of the definitions of poetry found in the writings of literary historians and critics emphasize this special element. It is so with Byron, Miller and Eliot. Even so philosophic a writer as Aristotle speaks of it as imitative of the passions of men. John Stuart Mill remarks to the same effect. Mr. Ruskin relates it to the "nobler emotions," while Shakespeare himself, in his reference to the "fine frenzy" of the poet has this impassioned quality of poetry preëminently in mind. If we carefully analyze the constituent elements of the poetic nature and function we come first of all, upon this emotive principle. It is here that we see poetry to be preëminently the language of feeling, the most direct interpreter of the soul of man—his hopes and fears, his loves and hates, his joys and sorrows. So characteristic is this feature that in the domain of the creative as the specific intellectual form, sentiment

and passion appear in pronounced degree, as in the tragic side of dramatic verse and in the most majestic reaches of the epic. It is noticeable, moreover, that that distinctively spiritual element which is germane to the very essence of poetry is of this impassioned character. It is simply the expression of the heart in its religious life, the outgoing of the finite toward the infinite in devout aspirations and affection. Hence, the excellence and influence of inspired and sacred song on its purely literary side. As uttering in fervid strain the profoundest feelings of humanity, it finds a quick response in the moral sympathies of the race. The theory of the older peoples that all poetry was divine in origin and aim emphasized this emotive element above all others and allied the minstrel to the prophet and the priest.

It is in the light of such facts as these that Lyric poetry has been assigned by many to the highest place among poetic forms. Historically viewed, there is some ground for this opinion. There is, probably, more Lyric Verse in its various forms of Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, and Pastorals than there is of any other representative order. The shorter Lyrics of Milton are in their place, fully as important as are his epics in theirs, while it is still an open question whether such a standard Lyrist as Burns does not evince poetic genius as unmistakeably as any historic English poet. This much, at least, is true, that the absence of genuine passion is fatal to the highest examples of poetic art nor can such an element be too pronounced and pervasive so long as it is under the control of a well disciplined mind and taste. The poetry of the Restoration was what it was because passion was freed from rational control. The poetry of Elizabethan and of later Georgian days was also what it was because poetic feeling was never stronger and purer and never more clearly allied to mental and ethical vigor.

III. The Critical.

One of the more frequent terms by which this type of poetic expression is designated is, the didactic, referring to all that order of verse in which instruction rather than aesthetic pleasure is the final end. The word critical, however is, at present the prevailing one. It is this special type that Mr. Arnold has in mind when he asserts that the main business of the poet is "the criticism of life," and that Goethe ranks above Byron, not so much because of difference in productive power as in the power of the critical discrimination of men and things. As far as English Literature is concerned the representative era of this school of poetry is the Augustan age of Anne and George I, while in the last two decades of the Victorian reign, those days of strictly conventional verse are more or less reproduced. In reference to this poetic form it may be stated that it unquestionably has place among characteristic types. It is thus that Pope emphasized the external finish of verse. It is thus that Keats and Grey are quoted as classical poets rather than romantic or emotional. The poetic work-

manship is made prominent. They are accepted exponents of literary art or technique whereby the verbal execution of the poem takes precedence of creative genius and emotive energy. Poetry and Architecture as Fine Arts are nowhere so closely related as in the pages of these English verse builders. This critical poetry however, is the least important of the three great divisions mentioned. Mr. Gosse in his discussion of our poetry from Shakespeare to Pope has called special attention to this classical school and has attempted, we submit, to exalt its principles and exponents to a position of undeserved respect. We are not yet quite prepared to bow the knee in such adulation before the school of Waller and Carew. "In Literature as in Architecture," says Mr. Stedman, "construction must be decorated, not decoration constructed. Invention must precede them both—so that if imagination be clouded and the glow of passion unfelt, it is worthless jugglery to compose at all. Poetry is a spirit taking form." Here we have the logical order from our latest American critic—the creative, the impassioned, the critical. First, the Subject-matter; then, the Spirit; then, the Structure. Any radical reversal or modification of this literary sequence of poetic types always leads to poetic decline. No poetic production can be rightly called standard in which there is the noticeable absence of original ability, emotional fervor and structural symmetry, nor can any such production be regarded as a model in which the relative position of these separate types is out of the order specified. The first essential, even in poetry, is poetic genius or intellectuality and the next, is poetic stimulus and though no poetry can exist apart from that external mechanism called versification, this formal arrangement must ever be held subordinate to sense and spirit. While the poetic drift in Modern England is clearly toward the structural and technical and thus clearly on the decline, the most hopeful outlook in American verse is seen in the fact that our younger bards in loyal deference to Bryant and Whittier and the older school are seeking to produce an order of poetry marked above all for what may be called—its intellectual fervour. It is evidently under the inspiration of such an outlook as this that Mr. Stedman has written his *American Poets*.

PRINCETON, N. J. T. W. HUNT.

THE JAQUES OF THE MODERN STAGE.

To the thoroughly prosaic mind the play of *As You Like It* must remain forever a sealed book; but fortunately the mind of the average theatre-goer is more or less unprosaic. Even in the whirl and rush of our busy cities the play is sure to find full audiences during every dramatic season; and it is to the character of Rosalind that Mary Anderson owes the latest and greatest triumph of her brilliant career on both sides of the Atlantic. It is hardly too much to say that, in spite of the form in which it is at present represented on our stage, the play is the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies. This leads to the query, how can the representation be improved? It is not a question of costume or scenery. Enough, if not too much, attention has been paid to these points by such authorities as Mr. Oscar Wilde, or, more notably in this particular instance, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Even the late Richard Grant White has devoted an article on stage Rosalinds almost entirely to costume. The one thing now lacking is such textual reform in the stage version of the play as shall give us back the Jaques of Shakespeare. The Jaques of the stage to-day is simply a relic of the eighteenth century, like Dryden's Prospero, or Lord Lansdowne's Shylock, both of which have, happily, passed from the stage, soon to be followed, let us hope, by the traditional stage Jaques.

It is strange that this character should have escaped the reforming hand of such adapters as Charles Kean, for instance, who comes conscientiously near the Shakespearian text in adapting for the stage such a much abused play as *The Tempest*. The acting edition, of *As You Like It*, has certainly been handed down to us from the editions of more than a century ago. Comparing "Billy" Oxberry's edition of 1819, with the edition of to-day, we find it identical; and certain it is that "Billy," as Dr. Doran calls him, never did more than to present the stage text of his day in a more attractive and sumptuous form than before, as he himself acknowledges in some of his prefaces. This edition of Oxberry's shortens the play about one-seventh, and caters to the managerial economy of the time by dispensing with the services of two Lords, and of Sir Oliver Martext. This result is accomplished almost entirely at the expense of the melancholy Jaques,

for by the process the character is so utterly stulified, and so shorn of its salient features as to render it an insignificant nothing when compared with the original.

Have we ever seen a satisfactory Jaques on the stage? This question can meet but one reply, a decided negative. Considering the material with which the actor is supplied in the stage version, a satisfactory Jaques is out of the question, for the identity which Shakespeare gave to the character is completely wiped out. A young man or an old man answers the purpose equally well. A fellow boasting of his own sayings and emotions as the Jaques of Shakespeare never does, —in short, almost, if not altogether, a brainless nondescript is this perverted creature who has trod the boards for a century or so. The short-comings of the actor are thus mainly vicarious. The adapter's version of *As You Like It* must be his only guide, leading him to many sins, both of omission and commission. Having before him the choice of either a youthful or an elderly "make-up," it is quite natural that personal vanity should lead him inappropriately to adorn himself with youthful curls and a jaunty huntsman's costume in which to appear on the stage as a pretty sentimentalist, ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-five, as taste and fancy may dictate. Thus it is that the old gentleman whom Shakespeare drew has been rejuvenated by the adapter's license, if not at his command.

But even with the material supplied him in the stage version, there are some sins to be laid to the actor's charge which are by no means vicarious. First of all is the almost uniform funereal solemnity which stage tradition seems to have given to the features and bearing of the melancholy Jaques,—a kind of mournful, injured, bereft air, seeming like a sustained effort to cast continual gloom about him. As a matter of fact, but very few really melancholy words are to be found among his utterances. He is spoken of as "merry, hearing of a song" on his second, which is in Shakespeare's work, his first appearance, and which I insist should be his first appearance in any case. On his next appearance he is saluted by the duke with the words

> What, you look merrily! [II, vii, 11.]

and confesses that he has just come from laughing "sans intermission, an hour" by Touchstone's dial, which rather extravagant statement should certainly relieve him from any lugubrious attributes for the time being. Indeed, it is difficult to find room in the lines for a touch of that "reminiscent sadness" which Mr. Winter insists upon in his criticisms of the acting of the character. It is certainly far from the whole duty of Jaques to maintain a continued funereal aspect. Even such random traces of the character as the adapter has left to the actor will not admit of this interpretation.

It is pitiful, too, in the speech upon the Seven Ages, to see the actor advance "L. C." according to the stage directions, and deliver

himself direct to the audience in the tones of an arbiter of doom. This speech, rich as it is in household words to-day, can never have been intended by Shakespeare for anything more than a bit of woodland table-talk in which a morbidly keen intellect expands itself under peculiar influences. The actual stage situation at the time admits of nothing more. Still it is hardly to be wondered at that the actor, in despair of making the character otherwise attractive, should try the effect of an elocutionary effort as a last and only resource.

In the good old days of which we hear and read, such actors as Macready, Charles Kean, Davenport, and James W. Wallack, Jr., have undertaken to represent this character in the hopelessly crippled condition of the stage version. It is needless to say that such representation has added nothing to their fame, and would probably have met with an equally favorable reception if some second rate, or third rate actor had taken the place of these lights of the stage. The Jaques of Shakespeare in the hands of a talented actor is worthy of his highest efforts, and will meet the success it deserves; but the Jaques of the adapter is unworthy the efforts of any actor, its only tendency being to create a sad flaw in a most harmonious and beautiful piece of dramatic architecture. All the other characters are allowed so much of their original identity that their charm is still retained. Enough of Rosalind, that central charm, is left to make the rôle the ambition of the great actress. From the days of Margaret Woffington to the days of Mary Anderson a new triumph has always awaited a new and successful Rosalind.

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

There is in Shakespeare's Forest of Ardennes a kind of impalpable magic which can only be felt when we tread the woodland mazes step by step with the great master himself. And Jaques, strange, moody, contradictory man that he is, adds most lavishly to the effect of this magic. Varied sorts and conditions of men are transplanted from the hothouse atmosphere of the court to the free, life-giving air of the forest; but the strangest, and seemingly most incongruous element is Jaques,—still the wonder and study of Shakespearian scholars, but traditionally, and only in name, the attraction of the stage.

A "melancholy" old gentleman has joined the band of young gentlemen who have flocked to the banished duke in the forest: this old gentleman is Jaques, in a sort of Diogenes-like pursuit of novelty, hoping, no doubt, with his more youthful companions to "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age." There is no doubt that he is, or appears, old. So he appears to the aboriginal Audrey, and so she speaks of him. A man in the sixties, let us say—perhaps appearing prematurely old as a result of the peculiar "melancholy" that is preying upon him. A melancholy man, in the sense in which

the term was used in Shakespeare's day, may be far removed from that continued air of sentimental sadness or funereal gloom in which our actors seek to enshroud poor Jaques. The changes of three hundred years have so narrowed the significance of the word melancholy that many words are now needed to characterize the man. For a full understanding and diagnosis of his case, it is only necessary to turn to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a work almost contemporaneous with Shakespeare, and the lifelong study of its peculiar author, himself a victim of the disorder he anatomizes. Here we find that the word, as known in his day is applied to nearly any morbid state of mind, from the slight exaggerations of a nervous temperament almost to the ravings of a madman. The principal symptoms of Jaques cannot be denied to be inconstancy of purpose, a morbidly keen wit, and the indulgence in immoderate laughter. All these Burton plainly points out, with elaborate description and careful classification. So we find Jaques—always interested in the new comer, but quickly tiring of each, excepting only Touchstone, because "a fool i' the forest" is something rare, and the fool himself is such a rare one—evidently weary of his companions among the followers of the duke because he has long since exhausted all that was new in them except their songs, which still have a fresh charm for him, though he perversely ridicules them. The duke and his companions simply misunderstand and wonder at him; at his keen, cynical wit, his strange, and, to them, unaccountable moods. They, in their robust, youthful health, and with their matter-of-fact habits of mind, fail to see that this world-worn old gentleman is the victim of his own peculiarities. He is, however, the central figure of this band of exiles. Not only his companions, but his leader, look upon him with mingled feelings of wonder, pity and admiration.

Melancholy though he is in the sense just indicated, the dramatic effect which he gives to the charming scenes around him is simply and purely comic. Too old to be instantly acclimated as are the others in the robust, rigorous air of the forest, he still yields to its charm, perversely rebelling the while, as in the verse of his own invention which, by the way, he is not allowed to utter on the modern stage,—

> If it do come to pass,
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease,
> A stubborn will to please,
> Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he,
> An if he will come to me. [II, v, 52.]

The next mood finds him in ecstacies of laughter over the discovery of Touchstone; again, he is charmed, though not on our stage, by the "pretty youth," Rosalind in doublet and hose; till at last, in the

woodland hymeneal festival, the charms of the forest are lost for him, and he seeks a new sensation in the "matter to be heard and learned" from a "convertite."

Added to this comic effect, he has another important dramatic function. He brings the true philosophy of the banished duke into bold relief. He is forever seeking without finding that which the duke finds without seeking,

* * good in everything. [II, i, 17.]

But without the sparkle and contrast of Jaques on the one hand and Touchstone on the other, the duke's philosophy would be hardly better suited to the stage than would an essay of Bacon's. Only when it is brought in contrast with the philosophy-run-mad of Jaques and the burlesque philosophy of Touchstone, does it find its way to the heart and mind in truly dramatic form. Some effect of this kind Shakespeare seems to have found it necessary to introduce in addition to the material which was ready made to his hand in Lodge's *Tale of Rosalynde;* for Jaques and Touchstone are creatures of his own invention, and, as such, all the more carefully to be dealt with by the adapter for the modern stage. But it is just this delicately woven material that the modern stage most carelessly and clumsily handles.

The Jaques of Shakespeare utters two hundred and eleven lines; the Jaques of to-day one hundred and fifty-six lines, thirty-seven of which Shakespeare never put in his mouth, but did put in the mouth of entirely different characters in an entirely different form. And it is in these thirty-seven lines that the character is rendered so utterly absurd, on its first appearance, that no intelligent audience can recover from its first impressions of disgust.

By tabulating the lines which Shakespeare allots to Jaques as compared with those which the adapter allots, we arrive at the following result:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	ADAPTER.
II, ii.	—	37 lines.
II, iv.	—	16 "
II, v.	32 lines.	—
II, vii.	99 "	53 "
III, ii.	19 "	19 "
III, iii.	9 "	—
IV, i.	14 "	—
IV, ii.	7 "	—
V, iii.	—	31 "
V. iv.	31 "	—
	211	156

The thirty-seven lines in Act second, Scene second of the stage version are taken from other characters in the play, and perverted from the original recital to the duke by two of Jaques' comrades, of

his comments upon the wounded stag. As Shakespeare would have it, they have stolen upon him in one of his tenderest, strangest moods,

> * * weeping and commenting
> Upon the sobbing deer.
>
> [II, i, 65.]

They bring his remarks, and their description of the man in this mood to the duke as a rare and confidential matter, having just left him with the mood still upon him. The duke says,

> Show me the place
> I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
> For then he's full of matter.
>
> [II, i, 67.]

One of the lords at once leads the duke to the place, that he may surprise this strange man in his strange mood, and try an exchange of philosophy with him. We begin to wonder what manner of man this Jaques may be who can so evolve from the sad sight of a wounded deer a homily upon mankind in general. We long to see the man and hear him speak. This is our first impression of the Jaques of Shakespeare.

The stage Jaques of to-day is forced upon us without warning as a conceited repeater of his own remarks. By the necessary substitution of pronouns, and with unnecessary mutilation of verse, he himself recites to the duke his own sayings and describes his own emotions over the wounded stag, substantially in the words of the two lords just referred to. The scene ends thus:—

Duke. Show me the place;
I love to cope *you* in these sullen fits,
For then *you're* full of matter.
Jacques. I'll lead you to *it* straight.

Exeunt, the Duke for the purpose of coping, Jaques for the purpose of being coped. The curtain falls. Some among the audience are sufficiently familiar with Shakespeare to understand the situation, and with no very pleasurable emotions. The rest, who take this for Shakespeare's own work, naturally enough wonder what there can be in it for people to admire. This master-stroke of the adapter has saved the services of two actors in the recital of simple narrative. No time is saved, and as a result of this doubtful advantage, the character of the Melancholy Jaques is so maimed in its dramatic infancy that it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a cripple for life. Shakespeare's plan of introducing the character is, of couse, utterly defeated, and the opening charm of the forest is lost. The duke, hardly less than Jaques, suffers by this treatment, for he it is who proposes this absurd coping match. Shakespeare's Forest of Ardennes breeds enchantment from our first view of it, but the Forest of Ardennes which we first see on the stage breeds—fools.

The sixteen lines in Act second, Scene fourth, of the stage version are all that is left to Jaques of the thirty-two lines of Act third, Scene fifth, and of the fourteen lines of Act fourth, Scene first, of the original. The task being set to accomplish just this condensation with just this material, perhaps no better result could be expected; but the loss is second only to that first and greatest sacrifice of all, just referred to. The charming little dialogue with Rosalind is lost, although some portions of it are incorporated in a dialogue with Amiens, the last man in the world to whom Jaques would speak as to the "pretty youth" with whom he desires to become "better acquainted." Simply the loss of this little dialogue with Rosalind is the loss of one of the gems of the play, dimming the sparkle of her own charming wit and depriving us of the brilliant effect which Shakespeare has so skilfully produced by the attrition of these two characters. Here too, as elsewhere, we lose a characteristic of Jaques which is strongly marked in the original,—the interest he manifests in every new comer, not only for his own selfish gratification, but with the implied hope of mutual benefit in the acquaintance. Scene fifth, of Act second, in the original opens with a song, followed by the words "more, I prithee, more" from Jaques. These words open the substitute for this scene in the stage version, leaving us in doubt, for fifteen long lines, as to their object, thus giving a most awkward effect.

In Act second, Scene seventh, he is deprived of forty-six out of ninety-nine lines. There is room for argument as to the effect of this curtailment, for either by chance, or by good judgment on the part of the curtailer, the result is not so disastrous as heretofore. We lose the dialogue with the Duke, in which Jaques imagines himself in the "motley coat" and functions of a fool, purposing in this guise to

> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
>
> [II, vii, 60.]

to which the duke replies, taxing him with his former dissolute life, and saying he would commit

> Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin.
>
> [*Ibid.* 64.]

This dialogue had no doubt, its most significant application in Shakespeare's day, when the motley fool was hardly a thing of the past. On the modern stage, where time must be allowed for the movement of mechanical appliances, and before an audience, hardly so critical of matter as of manner, a passage of this kind gives the play a rather dragging movement, however much its retention may delight the student of Shakespeare. The main point to be decided is this: do we, by the omission of this passage, lose an interesting chapter in the man's antecedents. Had he really at one time "been a libertine," or was this only a mistaken idea of the duke's? I confess I incline

to Prof. Dowden's theory that "Jaques has only been a curious experimenter in libertinism," and that "the duke is unable to understand such a character," consequently branding him as a possibly reformed debauchee, unfit, for this reason, to encourage reform in others, whereas the man is nothing of the sort, and considers personal explanation unnecessary. This being the case, nothing of importance in his antecedents is lost. We lose only the comic effect of the continual misunderstanding with which he is met throughout his entire course, losing at the same time, of course, a passage in which his characteristics are strongly emphasized. If any space of forty-six lines among his utterances can be spared, it is this; yet, as sympathizing friends of the melancholy Jaques, we lovers of Shakespeare are fain to hear every word that is uttered by this world-worn novelty-seeker who is fast approaching the opening scene of that sixth age in life of which he himself so feelingly speaks.

All traces of his age are effectually removed in the stage version by the elimination of the dialogue with Touchstone in Act third Scene third, with the mature advice as to his marriage; so that when Audrey, later on, remarks:—

> Faith the priest was good enough for all the *old* gentleman's saying, [v. i. 3.]

we are left completely in the dark as to whom the priest and old gentleman may have been. No priest has appeared, though his appearance would only have involved the utterance of an additional half-dozen words, and would have greatly heightened the stage effect. The loss of a dialogue, however short, between Jaques and Touchstone is second only to the loss of the dialogue with Rosalind. Not only Shakespearian scholarship, but dramatic effect, calls loudly for the restoration of this scene in its original form.

For the sake of saving time the seven lines in Act fourth, Scene second, are willingly given up, although the song to which these lines are an introduction is sometimes used, if I remember rightly, as an opening chorus in the first forest scene. Certainly it would be better to omit it altogether than to have it poorly sung, and in the wrong place.

Although the scenes are not numbered correspondingly, in the remaining thirty-one lines shown in the table, we have what is left of the Jaques of Shakespeare. But how little is left of him in more senses than one! These lines come too late to redeem one iota of the loss he has suffered at the adapter's hands, a kind of loss that can never be redeemed. Our impressions, if impressions are possible from the insignificance into which he has been transformed, are already formed, indelibly stamping the Jaques of the stage as an uninteresting, absurd character.

Nearly a century and a half ago, the actor Charles Macklin redeemed the name of Shylock from the obloquy and ridicule into which it had

fallen in his day, by substituting the Shylock of Shakespeare for the clownish Jew of Lord Lansdowne. In spite of the misgivings of his friends, this bold stroke gave him the greatest triumph of his life. Let a modern Macklin arise to-day and redeem the character of Jaques in a similar manner. A similar opportunity certainly awaits him, and the result cannot fail to be a marked success. This can be accomplished, as we have seen, with but little, if any, addition to the time of representation, the fear of which seems to be the main cause of the present trouble. If a little more time need be saved, let the song "when daisies pied," which Rosalind occupies many precious moments in rendering, be relegated to the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, where it belongs. Even though Rosalind may have a charming soprano voice, this gratuitous exhibition of a woman's notes to Orlando is hardly in keeping with the man's disguise she is so skillfully laboring to maintain. Modjeska's Rosalind is all the more effective from the omission of this song. Miss Anderson has made a marked improvement in the treatment of this song, by removing it from the place it occupies in the stage version, singing it to herself as she walks alone in the forest, and pausing in the middle of a verse to read Orlando's "elegy." Thus treated, the effect is charming. Would that her improvements on the old stage version had extended to the character of Jaques!

The actor should be, as in many cases he is, a careful student of Shakespeare, nay more, he should be an enthusiastic lover of the works of the great master. It is only thus that the stage can do more than any other agent toward leading to the highest appreciation of the world's greatest dramatist. The most scholarly of Shakespearian essayists and critics have more to learn from the stage than is dreamed of in their philosophy. It rests with the actor alone to reproduce lights and shades of meaning which the pen is powerless to describe. Shakespearian scholarship can do much for the stage, but the stage can do more for Shakespearian scholarship. The two should go hand in hand if we are ever to behold the dawning of a true Shakespearian revival. The restoration of the Melancholy Jaques would be a cheerful light in such a dawning. May the time soon come when we shall see it!

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XI. JOSEPH RANN.

Of the Rev. Joseph Rann very little is known. The date of his birth has not been preserved, nor is his birthplace remembered. He was an Englishman, and had the degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by Trinity College, Oxford, in 1758. He subsequently studied for the ministry, and was vicar of Trinity Church, Coventry.

His edition of Shakespeare appears to have been published by subscription. The first volume was published in 1786, in octavo, and has the following title-page:—

> The Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, in six volumes; with notes by Joseph Rann, A.M. Vicar of St. Trinity, in Coventry.
> UT POTERO, EXPLICABO: NEC TAMEN QUASI PYTHIUS APOLLO, CERTA UT SINT ET FIXA, QUÆ DIXERO; SED UT HOMUNCULUS UNUS E MULTIS PROBABILIA CONJECTURA SEQUENS.
> CICERONIS TUSC. QUÆST. LIB. I. SECT. IX.
> Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, MDCCLXXXVI. To be had of Mess. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London; Mess. Prince and Cooke, and C. Selwin Rann, Oxford; and of Mess. Pearson and Rollason, Birmingham.

Volume II is dated 1787; Volume III 1789; Volume IV 1791; and Volume V though undated is believed to have been published in 1794; while volume VI (also undated,) is also thought to have been issued in that year.

The work is dedicated to Lord Sheffield, in the following words:—

> This earnest of an humble attempt to render the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare as universally understood as they are deservedly admired, is, with the most profound respect, inscribed to the Right Honourable John Lord Sheffield, by his Lordship's most devoted servant, the Editor.

There is no preface nor any preliminary matter of any kind, and the plays are printed in the order that they appear in the First Folio. The notes are at the bottom of the page and are all short, though quite numerous. They are mostly explanatory, and do not deal with textual difficulties. The text is fair, as Rann had the advantage of all the editors who preceded him. Taken all together the work is not to be compared with the editions of Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Warburton,

Steevens, or Malone; though prehaps it is better than those of Pope or Rowe. If he did not do much to improve the text, neither did he injure it.

XII. EDMOND MALONE.

Edmond Malone's father was a member of the Irish bar, and represented his country in Parliament. Subsequently he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, a position which he occupied at the time of his death. Edmond was born in Dublin on the 4th of October, 1741, and was named after his father. His name is frequently given as *Edmund* but he always wrote it *Edmond*. He was educated in Dublin, at a school kept by a Dr. Ford, and subsequently at Trinity College in the same city. He then read law, and was called to the bar about 1767.

He always had a great love for literature, and in 1776 this led him to commence editing an edition of Goldsmith's works, which was published in Dublin in the following year, and in London in 1780. In 1776 he inherited a fortune from his uncle, which decided him to withdraw from the bar, and take up literature as a means of occupying his time. In 1777 he moved to London and made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, among whom may be named Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many others of like celebrity.

In 1778 his taste led him to make a study of Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare, a second edition of that work having appeared in that year. He thought that that book could be improved, and in 1780 he published his well-known *Supplement*, in two thick volumes octavo. These contain many additional notes to that work, and most of them are of Malone's own production. He also reprinted *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets*, etc., which had been omitted in the original work. Malone further reprinted *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*.

About this time he also published *Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*, and meanwhile he had been writing several dramas. In 1775 the tragedy of *Braganza* was produced, and in 1779 *The Law of Lombardy*. *The Count of Narbonne*, from Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* was also written during this period, and was put on the stage in 1781. In 1783 he printed a *Second Appendix* to his *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' Shakespeare*—the first having appeared with that work. This contains additional notes on the plays.

Towards the beginning of 1783 Malone commenced the preparation of material for the publication of his edition of Shakespeare, which

occupied him continuously until 1790, when it was published. A full account of the work will be given below.

After the publication of his edition of Shakespeare he appears to have taken a rest, but three years later, he had a project on foot to publish another edition in quarto form, with illustrations. In 1795 he changed his mind as to the form of the work and issued a prospectus, in which he proposed to issue it in twenty volumes royal octavo. He did not live to publish the contemplated edition however, and it was reserved for his friend James Boswell to edit the posthumous work of 1821, in twenty-one volumes octavo. An account of this edition will be given in the sketch of that editor.

In 1795 the celebrated Ireland forgeries were occupying the attention of the whole literary world, and the interest in them culminated in the following year, when the volume of *Miscellaneous Papers* containing them was published. Malone entered the field of controversy then raging, and showed the absurdity of Ireland's claim as to the genuineness of the papers in question. His *Inquiry*, published in 1796, is probably the most elaborate and successful exposure of a literary forgery ever published. The research and learning displayed in its pages is truly remarkable.

In 1812 he had attained his seventy-first year, but his health was very poor, and on the 25th of May of that year he died.

His large and valuable collection of books is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and it embraces many works which are now priceless.

As before stated his edition of Shakespeare was published in 1790. It appeared in eleven volumes duodecimo, although the title-page states the number to be ten. The discrepancy is caused by the fact that the first "volume" is divided into two parts, of 414 and 316 pages respectively. The type is small and the paper of poor quality. Volume I, Part i, has two title-pages, the first of which is as follows:—

The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, in ten volumes; Collated *verbatim* with the most authentick copies, and revised: With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; To which are added, An Essay on the Chronological Order of his plays; An Essay relative to Shakspeare and Jonson; A Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI.; An Historical account of the English Stage; and Notes; By Edmond Malone. *Της φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεχων εις νυν. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

—QUEM TU, DEA, TEMPORE IN OMNI
OMNIBUS ORNATUM VOLUISTI EXCELLERE REBUS.—*Lucret.*

London: Printed by H. Baldwin, For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Sons, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robsou, J. Johnson, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun., S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newberry. MDCCXC.

The second title-page in Volume I, Part ii, merely has "The Plays

and Poems of William Shakspeare. Volume the First," the contents, place of publication, printer, etc., as in the other. The remaining volumes have title-pages similar to the one last mentioned.

Volume I, Part i, contains an engraving by C. Knight, from a drawing by Ozias Humphry, of the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare; a plate giving four portraits in a group, representing Dr. Johnson, Thomas Tyrwhitt, Dr. Farmer and Thomas Edwards; and two other engravings of facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures. A drawing of his house at New Place is also given. Volume I, Part ii, has an excellent engraving of John Lowin, the actor, while a picture of Morris dancers is in Volume IV; and a portrait of Lord Southampton in Volume X.

In his preface Malone contended that the person who "edited" the Second Folio (if his work is worthy of such a title) and Pope "were the two great corrupters of our poet's text;" and he further stated that

> if the arbitrary alterations introduced by these two editors were numbered, in the plays of which no quarto copies are extant, they would greatly exceed all the corruptions and errours of the press in the original and only authentick copy of those plays.

He then proceeds to cite numerous passages which carry out his assertions, and says:—

> The two great duties of an editor are, to exhibit the genuine text of his authour, and to explain his obscurities. Both of these objects have been so constantly before my eyes, that, I am confident, one of them will not be found to have been neglected for the other. I can with perfect truth say with Dr. Johnson, that "not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate." I have examined the notes of all the editors, and my own former remarks, with equal rigour; and have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid all controversy, etc.

Concerning the charge that Shakespeare's text was "buried under his commentators" Malone very truly remarks:—

> When our poet's entire library shall have been discovered, and the fables of all his plays traced to their original source, when every temporary allusion shall have been pointed out, and every obscurity elucidated, then, and not till then, let the accumulation of notes be complained of. I scarcely remember ever to have looked into a book of the age of Queen Elizabeth, in which I did not find somewhat that tended to throw a light on these plays. While our object is, to support and establish what the poet wrote, to illustrate his phraseology by comparing it with that of his contemporaries, and to explain his fugitive allusions to customs long since disused and forgotten, while this object is kept steadily in view, if even every line of his plays were accompanied with a comment, every inteiligent reader would be indebted to the industry of him who produced it.

Following his preface Malone printed those of Dr. Johnson and Steevens; and also the latter's list of "Ancient Translations from Classick Authors." Then comes Pope's Preface; Heminge and

Condell's dedication and address "to the great variety of readers," from the First Folio; and Rowe's Life of Shakespeare. To the latter is appended "additional anecdotes," and then there are printed numerous extracts from the Stratford Registers; the grant of arms to Shakespeare's father; and the poet's will. Following these are the mortgage made by Shakespeare; various commendatory verses; a list of the Quartos and Folios, and modern editions to Malone's day; a list of editions of the Poems; old plays used by Shakespeare, etc., etc.

The last hundred and fifty pages of Volume I, Part i, are taken up by Malone's valuable essays on the order of the poet's plays and on "Shakespeare, Ford and Johnson." The former of these essays must have cost Malone much time and labor, and it remains to this day, after all that has been written on this vexed subject, a very valuable work. Had he never written anything else than this essay it would have stamped him as a man of great learning and ability. It originally appeared in 1778, but it was added to and amended as given in his edition of 1790. Steevens said of it: "by the aid of the registers at Stationers' Hall, and such internal evidences as the pieces supply, he hath so happily accomplished his undertaking, that he only leaves me the power to thank him for an arrangement which I profess my inability either to dispute or to improve." This is high praise when we consider Steevens' own great knowledge of the subject.

Volume I, Part ii, commences with Malone's history of the English stage. This occupies two hundred and eighty-seven closely printed pages, and has been the foundation of all subsequent histories of the stage in England. Having sent a copy to Edmund Burke, the latter wrote Malone a most complimentary letter. Warton, Farmer, Bishop Percy, and others also praised his work very highly.

The plays follow, in the order they were printed in the First Folio, and are succeeded by the poems. An appendix and glossarial index complete the work. A very elaborate essay on the Three Parts of *Henry VI* is given at the end of Part III of that play.

Malone's text was the best that had then appeared. He adhered much more faithfully to the First Folio than Steevens, and he did not make unwise changes to "improve" the metre like the latter. Like most of his predecessors Malone reprinted the notes of other editors which he considered worthy of the honor, and added his own at the end. He enriched his pages with much new illustrative material which his extensive reading of Elizabethan literature had made him familiar with, and they contain a vast amount of valuable information.

After the publication of his edition an anonymous pamphlet appeared entitled: *Cursory Criticisms on the Edition of Shakespeare published by Edmond Malone.* This was written by Joseph Ritson, and was published in 1792. Malone was fiercely assailed, and his work severely criticized. He was said to be wanting in both ear and judgment.

The former charge referred to his having refused to patch up the lines to "improve" the metre as Steevens did; and he was accused of being wanting in judgement because he condemned the changes in the text which first appeared in the Second Folio. The pamphlet was cleverly written and no doubt incensed Malone very much. The same year he replied to his anonymous accuser in a pamphlet the title-page of which reads as follows:—

A Letter to the Rev. Richard Farmer, D.D., Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge, relative to the Edition of Shakespeare published in MDCCXC, and some late criticisms on that work.

But Ritson was not the only critic that Malone had to contend with. In 1800 Hardinge printed a very abusive book entitled *The Essence of Malone* in which he attacked the latter's Life of Dryden, and followed, in 1801, with a similar volume which he called *Another Essence of Malone, or the "Beauties" of Shakespeare's Editor.* The ribald style of this work and the unconcealed venom of its author defeated his purpose, however, and people must have turned away from it with disgust. Not content with what he had already written however, Hardinge published a "second part" of his work in 1801, and it is merely a continuation of the same exhibition of hatred of Malone. The latter did not deign to reply to Hardinge's attacks, and they have fallen into well merited obscurity.

Malone's name will always be remembered with gratitude by the students of Shakespeare's text. He collected a mass of information which served to throw light upon the manners and customs of Shakespeare's day, and thus contributed to the elucidation of his text.

J. Parker Norris.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

QUERIES ABOUT HAMLET.

To the Editor of Notes and Queries.—Assuming Hamlet to have been sane, how are we to interpret his conduct at the time of the ghost's appearance?

After the ghost has vanished and Hamlet has given expression to his feelings in the most passionate language, he suddenly exclaims,

> My tables, my tables, meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

then pulls out his note book and pretends to write. It must be remembered that these words are not spoken for other ears nor is the action meant for other eyes to behold. Hamlet is alone and is in no mood for trifling. If he is altogether himself, how is this conduct, which is fully as antic as anything he afterwards does, to be accounted for?

The "wild and whirling" words to Horatio and Marcellus may pass for a convenient method of silencing these friends, but what object can he have in calling his father's ghost "*this fellow* in the cellarage" and "*old mole?*"

> They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
> Get you a place.
>
> [III, ii, 95].

In the August number of SHAKESPEARIANA (p. 341) *idle* in the above passage is taken to mean *crazy*. What justification is there for this interpretation?

Leaving out of account for the moment the play of Hamlet, there are, in the other thirty-six plays ninety-one instances in which *idle*, *idleness* or *idly* is used, but nowhere with the meaning of crazy.

The term is often used as synonymous with foolish, in the sense of shallow minded, silly or ridiculous, and this is its nearest approach to crazy.

Turning now to Hamlet, idle is used twice besides the case in question.

> * * * * what might you,
> Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
> If I had play'd the desk, or table-book,
> Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
> What might you think? No, I went round to work,
> And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
>
> [II, ii, 134-140.]

Here idle means merely inactive.

> *Ham.*—Now, mother, what's the matter?
> *Queen.*—Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
>
> *Ham.*—Mother, you have my father much offended.
> *Queen.*—Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
>
> [III, iv, 8-11.]

Trifling, quibbling is the meaning here.

The only passage cited in support of the meaning crazy is from the Quarto of 1662:—

> *Queen.*—But Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
> And for my love forget these idle fits.
> *Ham.*—Idle, no, mother, my pulse doth beat like yours.
> It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.
>
> [In place of III, iv, 137-146 of the Folio.]

The citation is decidedly the best that could have been made, but it is, nevertheless, an unfortunate one. If the Queen's *idle* means *mad* she says, in effect, *for the love of me give up being mad*, which would not have been a remarkably sensible speech. Hamlet's *idle* is a mere repetition of that of the Queen, the word is her's and not his. Knowing, however, that the Queen thinks him to be mad, though she has chosen terms of a much milder import, he goes on and replies, not to what she has said, but to what she is thinking of, to what she would have said if she had fully expressed her thoughts.

What is more natural than this?

Fitchburg, Mass. J. F. Brown.

THE DRAMA.

One of the most novel of the dramatic pleasures said to be awaiting the public next month,—the Shakespearian representations of the famous Saxe Meiningen company,—will be denied it, on account of the serious illness of the director, Herr Chronegk. A dispatch from the Duke von Sachsen Meiningen announced this late in July, and postponed the proposed American trip of this company until 1887.

The engagement of Messrs. Edwin Booth, Wilson Barrett, Lawrence Barrett, Robson and Crane, T. W. Keene, the McKee Rankin Co., the Morrison Co., and of Mesdames Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Marie Prescott, Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Moore and others, all of whom are announced to play Shakespearian parts during the coming season, will make it easy for the public to entertain itself to some advantage during the interval.

* * *

Mr. Wilson Barrett's revivals of *Hamlet* in London during the last of July had all the vogue their brilliancy and careful setting deserve. The American newspapers since have made the most of considering them in the light of rehearsals for the American representations. And the farewell speeches and sentimentalities and the farewell banquet given him by the profession in London on the 12th of last month, being followed by similar effective junketings of welcome here, all lead up gracefully to the approaching point of interest; Mr. Barrett's first appearance on this side of the Atlantic in *Hamlet*, *Claudian*, and *Clito*, with Miss Eastlake, and the well appointed company which supports them in London at the Princess's Theatre.

Mr. W. Barrett's interpretation of *Hamlet* will not, perhaps, be found equal to that of the manifold glorious ideals which lovers of the

play find forming before them as they read and which are too apt to preoccupy the place of every real personation witnessed and prejudice its acceptability, but if it is given an unbiassed sympathy, I think it will be found if not irresistibly compelling, yet persuasive, suggestive, skillfully studied and in some points original and striking. It is not a fat, scant-breathed, slow-resolving, anxious-minded and insane-growing Hamlet that Mr. Barrett personates, but an alert, nervous, quick-witted Prince who puts an antic disposition on because the time is out of joint and his task therefore difficult.

* * *

Mr. Booth's engagements will begin in Buffalo on the 13th of September, and extend over a season of thirty-five weeks. He will play in all the leading cities and will be supported by a very superior company. Mr. Barrett writes: "All his plays will be mounted, dressed and presented with unusual attention to detail and I shall have the honor to direct the enterprise, guided and assisted by the ripe experience and advice of Mr. Booth himself." These representations are likely to prove memorable ones. Each one an opportunity to be prized by earnest students of Shakespeare's dramatic art. Students of the book that Shakespeare wrote never have realized as widely as they might to their advantage, it seems to me, the livingness that a great actor can lend to their appreciation of Shakespeare's genius. It is a survival of the old, ungrateful prejudice against the man who has "gone here and there and made [him]self a motley to the view." that his vital service to the world of "selling cheap what is most dear" should be not only slightingly received, sometimes, but that therefore the service itself should fall short of its highest use and purpose, to vitalize within the mind, and incarnate before the eye, the fancy of the Poet. Should the interpretative skill of the actor be deemed of small account because it is a servitor and close dependent of Literary Art? Rather, it seems to me, should it receive increasing honor as promoter of the league between the eye and heart where "each doth now good turns unto the other." It is well to remember in this connexion what Dr. Furness has said in the preface to the Variorum *Othello*:—

> I have long been of the opinion that in the interpretation of Shakespeare's plays our first appeal, and perhaps our last, should be made to the dramatic instinct, as it has been termed, with which eminent actors are especially endowed.

And if, as Dr. Furness continues, to get at the meaning of Shakespeare is "the very butt and sea-mark of our sail," what apter guidance may be had than that stage representation toward which, seemingly careless of any other aim, every word and thought of Shakespeare tended.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's own tour begins at the Star Theatre, New York, August 30, and covers a period of forty weeks in the different

cities. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett's tours will present as the staple attraction their well-known, standard plays, mainly Shakespearian, while there is also in preparation for early production a strong version of Bulwer's *Rienzi* and a two act drama of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, gracefully and deftly done, as all Mr. Aldrich touches is, called *Mercedes*. The original poem of which the play is a second casting may be found in *Mercedes and Later Lyrics*, published in 1884, and the material out of which the poet made both play and poem is an incident of the Peninsular wars in Spain as described in the *Memoirs of the Duchess d' Abrantes*.

* * *

Every play-goer will be glad to know that Messrs. Robson and Crane will continue their admirable representations of *The Comedy of Errors*, and that they will add a new attraction, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Special attention will be paid to the staging of this "most pleasant and excellent comedie," the scenes will be painted by Goatcher, Mr. Robson writes, and the costumes will be simple and appropriate. Mr. Crane will play Falstaff, and Robson, Slender, and the public may be sure that the new play will be as successful as the old, from the opening to the closing nights of the season, when like the two Dromios themselves, they both may deserve precedence and "both go out together not one before the other." (The reader who is familiar with the measured cadence of the concerted speech of these absurd brothers can enrich this quotation to his mind's ear with the necessary intonation.) Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* with Robson as Tony Lumpkin and Crane as Hardcastle; *Married Life*, with Crane as Coddle, and Robson as Dove; and *Twelfth Night*, with Crane as Sir Toby Belch and Robson as Sir Andrew Agnecheek, will round out this list to everybody's satisfaction.

* * *

The McKee Rankin Co. will bring their California success, *Macbeth*, with Kelly's music, overland to Eastern audiences, and will open the season this month in Philadelphia. And Mr. Lewis Morrison, whose Iago to Salvini's Othello will be remembered, will introduce to popular attention this season, beginning the 13th of September, a new dramatic company and a new actress, Miss Celia Alsberg, in *Faust*, and *Amy Robsart*, and notably in two Shakespearian plays seldom performed, *Cymbeline* and *Measure for Measure*.

* * *

The London Dramatic season closed with some semi-professional performances under the guidance of Lady Archibald Campbell. The patronage of the stage is growing fashionable, and the picturesque out-of-doors representations of this company of Pastoral Players, as they call themselves, are a modern instance of it that seems to deserve recording. Tennyson's *Becket*, Fletcher's *Faithfull Shepherdesse*, and *As You Like It*, have been presented, *Becket* with the greatest success.

The cast of *As You Like It*, (July 31st), was partly filled by members of the Society of Dramatic Students. Miss Webster played Rosalind, Miss Mary Dickens, Celia; Miss Belmore, Audrey; Mr. B. Greet, Touchstone; Mr. Rodney, Orlando; and Mr. Grattan, Jacques.

HOW *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS* HAS GROWN.

The night of February 19th, 1879, at the Park Theatre, New York, witnessed the first performance in twenty years of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. Within that time all the well known plays of the great master had been frequently performed in the legitimate houses, but the *Comedy of Errors* had been neglected by the players and forgotten by the public, and it remained for Robson and Crane — whose theatrical partnership had been inaugurated the previous year—to give the present generation their first stage view of this, the most laughable and ingenious comedy of Shakespeare. The comedians of thirty years ago, Jefferson, Burton, Robson and Owens, gave occasional performances of the Dromios, but in farce form, the whole performance covering not more than one hour in action, with the text so mutilated and the action so distorted as to be scarcely recognizable by the Shakespearian student.

An effort to dignify the character of a play which had been so badly treated by actors of the past was regarded with but little favor by the many wise heads of the the theatrical calling. The man who claimed to have furnished "the mental pabulum of two generations of playgoers"—Dion Boucicault by name, oblivious of the fact that the old actor Macklin had permanently rescued the grave character of Shylock from the degradation of a century and more of buffoonery,—declared it an impossible task for the comedians to impress the public with a sense of the high humor and dignity of the play. "Actors from the time of Shakespeare himself," said the dramatist, "have treated it in a farcical spirit, and in its trifling shape it will remain to the end of time.

The opinion of the public did not coincide with Mr. Boucicault's, and the proudest moment in the career of Messrs. Robson and Crane was the night afore mentioned, when the *Comedy of Errors* was presented according to the original text, and secured the approval of an audience as critical and laughter-loving as had ever assembled in a New York theatre.

Since that night the *Comedy of Errors* has taken its place on the Shakespearian stage on equal terms with its great rival *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the names of Robson and Crane will be associated henceforth, not only with the fact that they were the greatest Dromios of their time, but that they rescued from threatened oblivion one of the greatest plays of the immortal Master.

* *

REVIEWS.

PAPERS OF THE N. Y. SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.*

The comparative study of National Literatures is not only one of the most fascinating it is also one of the most enlightening of Scholarly pursuits. It puts "a girdle round about the earth" and bringing multitudinous differences into due relation either of contact or divergence gives the student the intellectual pleasure there is in an exhaustive definition or a clarifying distinction.

In Mr. Frey's studious comparison of certain of the plots of Shakespeare and those of the versatile writers of Spain's Golden Age the effect of an exhaustive international definition is not attained, nor sought. But in it a useful contribution toward a more comprehensive comparison of the English and the Spanish Literatures of the time, is made, and some distinctions are drawn between the work of Southern and English writers, as the incidental result of an investigation of the wholesale borrowing from their Latin brothers of which the barbaric authors of the north are so often accused.

But in tracing the plagiarisms the differences are often as striking as the resemblances. It is in the necessity of circumstances that the younger nations would have availed themselves of the patterns of the elder nations: yet in passing through similar phases of growth with the common heritage of human nature behind them, they wore their fashions "with a difference." And in no alleged plagiarisms are these peculiar differences,—due to the infusion of the national and individual characteristics of the borrower into the story and the form he has borrowed,—so conclusive of that separate and unique manner of touch which announces the work of genius, as Shakespeare's are shown to be.

Mr. Frey's view of the influence of Spanish literature in England

* *William Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes*, by Albert R. Frey. Read before the Society Jan. 28th, '86. Pamph. 41 pp. (Price, $1.00.)

* *Digest Shakespearianæ*. Being a Topical Index of Printed Matter (other than literary or æsthetic commentary or criticism) relating to William Shakespeare, or the Shakespearian plays and Poems, printed in the English language to the year '86, compiled under the direction of Appleton Morgan. Part I. A.-F. (price $2.00).

before and during Shakespeare's time is inclined toward the conclusion, generally prevalent, that the Spanish spirit affected the English only by way of Italy, until the time of Charles II, when Romanist sympathies and foreign intrigues helped to make the road which mutual enmities and prejudices had barricaded, less difficult of passage than it had been. But there are some evidences to show that the line can not be drawn so exactly, and the tendency of further study of that wonderful epoch of awakened life in England, is against undervaluation of its diligent assimilation of foreign learning. This, however, does not materially affect the main point, and the fact cited by Mr. Frey that it was not until 1590 that an English translation of a Spanish grammar, by John Thorin, appeared is important proof of this inference, at least, that interest in Spanish literature was only then being aroused, and that it is very unlikely that Shakespeare had any knowledge of Spanish.

Mr. Frey considers the alleged Spanish sources of *All's Well that Ends Well*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *As You Like It*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The resemblances of the first to Lope's *La Hermosura Aborrecida* are said to be slight and Accolti's *Virginia*, Boccaccio's novel, and the translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* were much earlier than Lope's story. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* it is contended needed no prompting from Montemayor's *Diana*, for the translation of it by Yonge was first printed in 1598, and on the testimony of Mere's *Palladis Tamia*, this production of Shakespeare's was among those already known to fame, and if it is the earliest play,—Malone's date being 1595, Furnivall's '90–'91, Knight's '85–'91,—neither Sydney's nor Wilson's translations of parts of the *Diana* could have had any share in this which as Mr. Frey conjectures may be placed as early as 1583, since it is crude enough to have been attempted by the young dramatist before leaving Stratford, and is either of original workmanship, or, possibly a rewritten version of *The History of Felix and Philomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^tes^. servaunts.* (1584.)

Twelfth Night has been found a Spanish origin in a comedy of unknown authorship, *La Españōla el Florencia*, and in Lope de Rueda's *Los Engaños; As You Like It*, in Lope de Vega's *Los Flores de Don Juan;* and *The Winter's Tale* in his *El Marmol de Felisardo;* but Mr. Frey holds that Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarie Profession*, *The Tale of Gamelyn*, and Greene's *Pandosto* are indisputably the likelier, as they have long been the accredited sources of the plays in question.

The supposition of Klein that *Romeo and Juliet* was adapted from Lope's *Castelvines y Monteses* is very effectually and effectively disposed of in a series of parallels giving the Shakespeare text in compar-

ison with Lope's story, (translated by F. W. Cosens, 1870,) Brooke's poem, (1562,) and Painter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure*, (1567.) The drift of these comparisons and the richer flavor of Shakespeare's art may be seen in this example.

> *Jul.* O, Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
> Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
> Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
> And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
>
> [II, ii, 33.]
>
> *Jul.* Lord of the house of Montesi!
> Oh, Celia, say not so! Oh, grief! Oh, tears!
> Oh, misery and woe!
>
> [Lope—I, ii.]
>
> The woorde of Montegew her joys did ouerthrow,
> And straight insteade of happy hope, dyspayre began to growe,
> What hap have I quoth she, to love my father's woe?
>
> [Brooke—l. 355-357.]

These extracts are appended to the volume in a broad sheet for easy comparison and coming in like a *bonne bouche* at the end must move the reader to return thanks to the writer for providing so well-ordered an entertainment, and one giving another taste of Shakespeare's superiority to plagiarism.

Mr. Morgan's second contribution to the New York Shakespeare Society's series of publications will prove doubtless of sufficient service to students as a directory to other guides to justify and approve its appearance. Although without amplification and revision, and a careful verification of the topics, by a more familiar study of the authorities quoted, it cannot fill the place of a thorough compendium. This volume is not intended, as it is not fitted, to play so ambitious a part, but it will be found a useful book to have at hand. And to make a useful topical index, though it prove not the most useful that could be desired, is to do a hard work that the student always in need of any such help will not wish to depreciate.

The title selected is unfortunate, because it has drawn down upon the work the sharp comment of Dr. Ingleby, and other English critics, who are pitiless when they "smell false Latin." Mr. Rolfe, too, could not forbear giving a small dig in passing at what he called the "canine Latin" of the termination. Those who will be "singuled from the barbarous," as the precious Armado said, are prejudiced at the fly leaf by this impertinent e. But setting aside this more exterior stumbling-block, the name and description of the work must be considered as further unfortunate because it seems to promise consulting students much more than they will find.

It is not a Digest, and it is not exhaustive. It is, instead, a list of book titles in continuation of Lowndes and of Allibone, chosen, as Mr. Morgan explains in his preface, under the restriction of a series

of rules, which in fairness to the compilers, and because the title page is misleading, it is important to cite here, in order to give the public a fair idea of the work.

"Where the precise field is covered by more than one paper or volume," Mr. Morgan's purpose is "to give only the one, or at most the two—latest. And yet this exclusion is not attempted unless there is no doubt as to the exact field covered by the later volume. In Shakespeariana * * late works are constantly superceding their predecessors, so that any attempt to make a really useful bibliography must necessarily dispense with many familiar names."

When a bibliography of any single field exists like Mr. Wyman's admirable biblography of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, to include only the leading volumes mentioned in such bibliography.

In treating such episodes as the Ireland or the Perkins Folio Controversies, which are now "as dead as the first or second Punic wars," Mr. Morgan says he has "not felt justified in even this quantum of reference. Whatever it may eventuate in, on the other hand, the Baco-Shakespearian authorship controversy is still to the fore, and therefore cannot be denied as large a space as it is entitled to as a most interesting and absorbing Shakespearian question."

Not every one will agree with Mr. Morgan about the superceding of old authorities by new ones in an index meant for the benefit of specialists in Shakespearian study, to whom it may be supposed the history of their subject would be necessary, and at any rate this ex-exclusion should be very judiciously exercised, to say nothing of the fact that some modern discoveries may dazzle the eyes for a moment only, and then sink into the shadow of insignificance behind the steady light of the old notions they were vainly supposed to have eclipsed forever. So it will be likely too that there will be difference of opinion on the title of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy to take precedence of other subjects to the degree it does here, it being allowed a larger rule than the narrowing one which is followed in other topics. Some students will think that "when a bibliography of any single field exists like Mr. Wyman's admirable bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy," that there is no necessity of taking up needed room by giving titles the bibliography cited includes, because this bibliography, with its continuation, really covers the ground to date.

They will feel some impatience, moreover, to find Capell out and Donnelly's yet unwritten work in. The mention under the topic,—*Cipher* of *The Great Cryptogram*, as in preparation, they cannot help but think a disproportionate, unusual, and supererogatory honor to give a book not yet in the field.

Some students, on the other hand, whose work or search will not lie beyond the operation of these rules, will find, it may be supposed, all they want here, truly, a Benjamin's mess, while others

helped here and there, will have a bone to pick in another place.

Therefore it is that the character and limitations of the work is best made known by Mr. Morgan's own preface, and a judgment of the *Digest's* claim, to public favor must be based on a recognition of the working force of these rules.

Given his premises, the book, as it stands, is in the main consistent, join issue with these premises, and the book falls in its usefulness down a dozen notches.

But in any case, it should be allowed a certain value as a modern collection, under convenient headings, of matter that needs to be unlocked by some working combination.

LITERARY NOTES.

The most important literary event of the year to Shakespearians generally, except only the publication of Dr. Furness's Variorum *Othello*, is the appearance of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps's last revision of *The Outlines*, announced as nearing completion in the July number of this magazine. A more extended review will follow shortly, but now and here it is a grateful task to acknowledge the receipt of the *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S. The sixth edition, 2 vols., royal 8vo, 384-400 pp. including a Biographical Index. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886. (Price, $5.00.)

The Times and Associates of Shakespeare, by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, President of the Liverpool Philogical Society, is issued in pamphlet form by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., of London. A paper of Mr. Williams on *England Under Henry VIII.*, read in February last before the Birmingham Philosophical Society has also been recently published.

The Shakespearian Referee, by J. H. Siddons, published by Lowdermilk & Co., of Washington (250 pp. $2,), is announced to be a cyclopædia of 4,200 words, obsolete and modern, occurring in the plays with explanations, commentaries, annotations, etymologies, etc., together with translations of Latin, French, Italian and Spanish words used in the plays, etc. But its inaccuracies must gainsay the value of its claim as *Referee*.

The Mystery of Shakespeare Revealed is the title of a pamphlet by William Henry Churcher, printed by John F. Eby & Co., of Detroit, Mich., for the author. (Price 35c).

A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago, announce in their periodical, *The Dial*, the forthcoming issue of a translation from Victor Hugo, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson, of that general review of literary and dramatic art, from Æschuylus, the Shakespeare of the Greeks, and from Shakespeare himself to the greatest of modern authors, which the great Frenchman was led to make during the progress of his son François Victor's translation of Shakespeare.

The articles on Shakespeare in the new edition of the *Cyclopædia Britannica* will be written by Prof. T. Spencer Baynes.

The New York Shakespeare Society have in hand an entire *edition de luxe* of the plays of Shakespeare, with elaborate commentary and parallel text. The next issue in its series of publications will be a paper by Prof. T. R. Price, of Columbia College, on *Shakespeare's Method in the Structure of Blank Verse*, which was read before the Society at its closing meeting, May 27th, '86, when it adjourned till next season, November 25th.

McKay & Co., of Philadelphia, issued, in July, a four volume edition, octavo, of Shakespeare's complete works. ($10).

Cassell & Co. have issued an edition of songs from Shakespeare, illustrated (2 s. 6 d).

If there is any hope that the next generation shall be less vague and desultory in its reading tastes than the public of this is, the hope may be founded on the scholarly yet unpedantic and sympathethic interpretations of the open secret of great literature which are being made, for young students, by such men as Mr. Rolfe and Professor Corson.

Turning aside, but not far from his Shakespearian studies, Mr. Rolfe has been at work recently on a volume of select poems of Browning, to be included with the Shakespeare plays and his other judiciously edited manuals in his series of English Classics, published by the Harpers. He has had the pleasure in preparing the Browning volume to find a competent assistant in Miss H. E. Hersey, of Boston, a scholarly lover of Shakespeare and formerly professor of literature at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

The volume Professor Corson is now completing, an *Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning*, to be published this month by Heath & Co., of Boston, will serve the part of a privileged friend to acquaint a larger circle with the stimulating personality of this century's own poet. The papers on *The Idea of Personality as Embodied in Browning's Poetry* and *On Art as an Intermediate Agency of Personality*, which were read before the London Browning Society, will be included here, with enlargements, selections with explanatory notes, exegeses of a number of the poems, and a bibliography of criticism on Browning, and

besides, a chapter on Browning's favorite art form, the dramatic monologue which is likely to prove of especial interest to students of Shakespeare. Bits of Shakespearian criticism having bearing on similar studies in comparison will be found throughout the volume.

In token of the half explored possibilities of the mother-tongue, its literature and its thought, to supply rich and abundant educational aliment, a few pages in *The Annual,* a little school publication just received, issued by the Literary Societies of the Hollins Institute, Virginia, will seem to the appreciative far from insignificant. These pages give questions used in the June examinations on Shakespeare and on Chaucer. Those on Shakespeare are by Prof. Thom in continuation of his previous work in the same direction. Those of Chaucer, are in the main, by Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard University. Prof. Thom's explanatory note says:—

As I have already said in the *Shakespeare Examinations* (Ginn Heath & Co., Boston, 1883: price, 56 cents). "This examination was given to show the best results attained in the study of Shakespeare in this institute, and will be forwarded to the New Shakspere Society in England, whose prize for the encouragement of the study of Shakespeare was awarded to this school on a similar examination in *Hamlet.*" The printing of these questions now as of the examination in full of 1883, is due largely to "my vehement desire to do all within my power to encourage the study of Shakespeare in schools throughout the country, especially in schools for girls, for I believe that Shakespeare can and will do a work for our youth just at this period of our national life not to be done in any other way.

Students of the sources and conditions of literary life in Elizabethan times will find Mr. Herford's scholarly book (*Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century,* by Chas. H. Herford, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1886. 426 pp. 8vo., $2.25.) of especial value because he has undertaken to show, not only by a careful collection of known facts, but also by some original discoveries, that the literary debt of England to Germany is not so slight as it is usually considered.

A second series of Mr. Bullen's *Old English Plays,* in all respects as much like the first series as possible, is about to be issued in 4 vols. at 16l. 15s. a volume. Mr. Bullen says: "There are many old plays preserved in public and private collections in MS. which as yet have never been examined by any competent scholar. I suspect that some are hidden away in libraries, others rotting in lumber rooms." The bare supposition that treasures, valuable in themselves or useful to enhance or enlighten the estimate of those of which we know, are lying lost to the appreciative eye, In waste places, should be enough to make every owner of neglected MSS. heed Mr. Bullen's

earnest entreaty to bring them to the light. And those who have no hidden stores of this kind will be glad of this intimation that yet not all our heritage from the past has been bequeathed to present use.

Mrs. Walker, in her entertaining *Eastern Life and Scenery* (2 vols. published by Chapman & Hall, London) describes Broussa, the old Anatolian town hard by Constantinople, and introduces Ahmet Vefyk Pasha to Western readers as a devoted Shakespearian. The Ex-grand Vizier of Broussa has established a theatre there in which Shakespeare's plays, translated into Turkish by the Pasha himself, are acted before appreciative audiences by a Turco-Armenian company.

The *Overland Monthly* for July contained a paper of especial interest, presenting some novel points in Spanish-American law analogous to those peculiar ones open to legal criticism in *The Merchant of Venice*. A few copies of this paper, *Shakespeare's Law,—The Case of Shylock. A Letter to Lawrence Barrett*, (4. pp.), have been separately struck off, and the receipt of one of these from the author, Mr. John T. Doyle, of Menlo Park, Cal., is duly appreciated for the fresh light it throws upon the play.

Shakespeariana in the Magazines for August.—Article II.—*Ophelia*, (pp. 679–692.) in *The New Englander*, for August, is by Prof. Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity College, Connecticut, whose well-considered paper on *King John* and *Richard III* in the same magazine for March will be remembered with pleasure by its readers. The present paper sets forth the amount of sentimental gush that Ophelia's pitiable insanity and suicide have excited, and attributes it to the same unjustifiable weakness which induces jurymen to give a verdict regardless of facts and law for the unfortunate who is also fair, or traces it to a survival of the 18th century feeling for women as "playthings to be petted and poetized over" instead of creatures of will and intellect morally potent, as in the Elizabethan conception. The argument proceeds to show from her effect on Hamlet; from what is said of her by others; and from her own words and acts,—which places Ophelia far below Imogen, Portia, Cordelia or Juliet, or any other woman of her own literary *milieu*, save, perhaps, Gertrude who has more brain,—that she is "something worse than shallow or common-place; that she is essentially selfish," and "so limited in capacity for understanding or sympathizing" notably in her relations with Hamlet, that she should "be regarded as one of the agents rather than one of the victims of the series of catastrophes which make up the tragedy" and that only when she is "so regarded can the play become a consistent and coherent whole."

The parallel drawn between her and George Eliot's Rosamond Vincy is striking and full of suggestion:—

This type of female character—the woman with gentle manners and a winning exterior, but utterly devoid of the woman's sympathetic insight and the woman's quick intelligence—is admirably presented in George Eliot's Rosamond Vincy. Its power of inflicting suffering on nobler natures, by failing to realize the ideal it counterfeits, is unlimited. It is a baleful type, because it is a sham of a holy thing, developed by passive resistence to good impulses, and a long disregard of the laws of moral health. For this last reason it is a type to be reprobated, not merely pitied. But it is the type for which allowances are always made at the expense of the really generous.

The comparison might have been drawn further than it was, except by implication, in showing the effect these women have upon the lives of Hamlet and of Lydgate. A sudden shock of circumstances revealed to Hamlet the meagreness of Ophelia's nature, inefficient to the point of falsity in the planned interview where Polonius and the King played the eavesdroppers. Moreover, Hamlet had not those "specks of commonness," as George Eliot says, which flecked Lydgate's fine quality and made it fatally easy for him not to perceive Rosamond's pernicious selfishness till months of married life had rubbed it into him. Still, Hamlet, conscious of the lack of moral fibre in the love which might have blessed him, was as crippled in his life by it as the unconscious Lydgate was in his.

"With what scorn would Rosalind or Cordelia have received the proposition" of Polonius to meet her lover for a confidential interview to be overheard and criticised.

Had his daughter had one-tenth of the noble temper of the unsophisticated Juliet, the prudent Polonius would have received some new views on human nature to add to his excellent maxims. * * *

Immediately after this soliloquy the king and the respectable Polonius emerge from their hiding place. It is worth noting that the king sees plainly that Hamlet is not insane.

> "Love! his affections do not that way tend.
> Nor what he spoke, *though it lacked form a little*,
> Was not like madness."

Polonius adheres, of course, to his theory, and throughout the play he and his daughter are the only persons who determine from their own observation that Hamlet is out of his mind. Indeed, the evidences of the Prince's insanity are such as are addressed to minds of no larger calibre than theirs. "Wild and whirling words" are the normal mode of expression to highly wrought intellectual and emotional natures when under stress, and thrown back on themselves. The queen, indeed, thinks that he is delirious and sees an illusion when the ghost appears the second time. If that is allowed as any proof, the sturdy soldiers who see the ghost in the first act must be regarded as insane, too. The grave-digger repeats the common rumor, but among those who can observe him, Hamlet is regarded as a madman only by Polonius and Ophelia, and his mind is so far out of their sphere, that to be regarded as mad by them argues his complete sanity.

In the *Brooklyn Magazine*, for August, *Hamlet's City* (pp. 193-199.) by William Jackson Armstrong, describes Kronborg Castle and the modern city of Elsinore which is an hour and twenty minutes by rail from Copenhagen.

A score of rambling, ill-paved streets, leading indolently nowhere; a few hundred quaint, clean old houses, with spy-glassed windows and stair-gabled, red-tiled roofs which descend near to the earth, then mount backward into the air; some thousands of human beings, mostly invisible and, it would seem, asleep within; a vagrant, scattering city village, with orchards and gardens in its interstices, and groves and orchards in its rear, that sits half dozing in the sun, and gazes idly at the sea—such, when you have come to view it, is the city of Hamlet. Nuremberg does not surpass it in quaintness of aspect, and the Bavarian city is not half so drowsy in fact. Vivify the place with the aid of fancy, recall the ancient dignity of the Danish kings, remembering that here was the seat of their feudal power and splendor, and its features fall marvellously into keeping with the scenes of Shakespeare's drama.

But the castle in which is centred the chief action of the play is the piece of resistance at Elsinore. Amid its ponderous feudal incumbrance of double moat, bastions, and ramparts, it towers solitarily from the very verge of its tiny peninsula, guarding the strait out of the Kattegat, and dominating the whole northern region for many a league of land and sea.

Kronborg is just three hundred years old, dating its foundation from the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and has been correctly described to be "one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, unrepaired—to be met with in Europe."

The building of the castle was the pet scheme of the Danish monarch, Frederick the Second. The Danes from immemorial times maintained the savage right of levying toll on all vessels sailing this narrow highway of the Kattegat, connecting the waters of Western Europe with the Baltic. Successive castles had, therefore, stood here from the earliest period, some of the later structures probably rising over the ancient foundations. The fortress at Elsinore immediately preceding Kronborg was, at the date of the latter's erection, already more than three centuries old. Frederick determined to destroy it and rebuild it on a scale of greater magnificence. He began the present castle in 1577, and finished it in the amazingly brief period of nine years. Being the first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, and something of a zealot, he ordered the stone churches of the Catholics in half his kingdom torn down for material with which to construct its massive walls. At its completion, in 1586, the poets of all the North were invited to sing its praises, and Rubens was summoned to decorate its interior.

Gigantic, quadrangular, and four-towered, the structure stands to-day as fresh and perfect as on that day three hundred years ago when artist and architect withdrew brush and chisel. Looking on the noble front of this palace fortress, with its carved heads of Danish kings and its vast platform for the stride of sentinels one almost conceives that Shakespeare must have seen it and stood in its solemn shadow for the incentive of locating around and within these walls the central incidents of his drama. And it is not impossible that he did so, since the intercourse of Englishmen with Denmark was commonplace in his time, and Kronborg was at least twenty years old at the first representation of Hamlet.

The absurd puerilities named "Hamlet's Tomb" and "Ophelia's Lake" are in the City's strip of Park by the sea called "Hamlet's Garden." The "Lake" is "a muddy six-inch Pool" in the centre of which—"evidently to reinforce the sentimental congruities of the locality—has been arranged a small heart-shaped island." The "Tomb" is a barrow settled upon as a good barrow, as good as another to please tourists with and to put a cross upon with a half-eraced inscription which gives the 32rd of October, as the date of Hamlet's death but cautiously refrains from further conjectural reading as to the year.

Incidentally of interest as it may seem to fasten to this earth those visionary suggestions—more inclusive than than the actual—which have in common with it barely anything but names—these names will serve the reader best who uses them, as did the poet, merely as picturesque starting-points for flights of fancy which can give scarcely a passing care to identify the scenes of *Hamlet* either with Elsinore, where as Mr. Armstrong says, "Hamlet, if ever Hamlet there were, never existed," or with the more northerly coast where may have lived the Prince Amleth of Saxo Grammaticus, legendary proto-type of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

One who signs himself *Want to know* asks in the August number of the Manchester, N. H., *Notes and Queries*, page 131, whether *The Imitation of Christ* or the works of Shakespeare has passed through the greater number of editions. In reply it is claimed that *The Imitation* has been oftener reprinted and translated than any other book after the Bible. A single, confessedly incomplete collection formed at Cologne within the present century is said to have comprised five-hundred distinct editions. The honors accorded Thomas à Kempis, like those given William Shakespeare, have been too great to escape the envious scrutiny of controvesialists. The disputes of the Augustine brothers, upholding their claim for John Gerson, the Chancellor of the University of Paris, against the Benedictines who hold to Thomas à Kempis, Scrivener, match the arguments of the Baconians for Lord Verulam against the Stratford player.

MISCELLANY.

THE CHURCH AND RELICS OF STRATFORD.—The Vicar of Stratford writes to the Editor of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 3d:—

SIR—The restoration of Stratford-on-Avon Church has excited great interest, not only among those many pilgrims who have at one time or another visited the grave of William Shakespeare, but also in that far more numerous body who know and delight in our poet's plays. Many of your readers will, therefore, be glad to hear that this week made a beginning of the interior work by removing the galleries, which were erected about fifty years ago, and entirely spoilt the appearance of the nave. During the past twelve months the repair of the exterior has been going on, under the direction of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and we have expended upon it £1,539. Including architects' commissions and other incidental charges, we expect that this part of our work will not cost more than £2,000. But this is only a section of the work which we undertook when we commenced operations. The roofs of

the aisles require, if not renewing, at all events very extensive repairs; the interior of the nave is to be re-arranged, so as to be more like what it was in the olden time; the old vestry, which was unhappily pulled down about 100 years ago, is to be rebuilt; and other internal improvements, which our architects have suggested, are to be carried out. And to do all this we find ourselves with only £1,800 in hand, or promised.

When subscriptions were first solicited every one said, "There will be no difficulty in getting money for Shakespeare's Church." It will hardly be believed that a year's begging has only produced £3,807 14s. The committee, in face of this, have not felt justified in authorising much interior work, and we have to be content at present with removing the galleries and temporarily rearranging the pews. These latter are both unsightly and uncomfortable, while the choir stalls in the chancel are literally rotting away. But we must leave them as they are, because we have no money.

Will you allow me, then, once more to make a very earnest public appeal for help? We have arranged our plans so that subscriptions received from England shall be devoted to the nave work; those from America to the chancel, and those from the Colonies to the transepts; and we are now prepared to assign several parts—such as the rebuilding of the vestry or the erection of a reredos—to individuals who sympathize in our endeavours to the extent of a few hundred pounds. The work which at the present moment seems to us most pressing is the reseating of the nave, and for this we want, I reckon, £2,000. A similar sum would complete the transepts, and our colonial visitors from New South Wales have set a good example by enabling me to open an account at the bank in the name of the Colonial Transept Repair Fund.

Subscriptions, whether from England, the colonies, or America, may be paid to the Birmingham Banking Company, Stratford-on-Avon; to the Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G.; or to myself. In the present state of our funds "bis dat qui cito dat"—I remain, your obedient servant, G. Arbuthnot,

Stratford-on-Avon, July 29, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

In commenting on this letter an editorial writer in the *Telegraph* says:—

Just at the moment of this demand upon public liberality it is deplorable to have doubts started as to whether the Shakespeare Museum contains a single genuine relic; whether Anne Hathaway's cottage is not, after all, a simple fraud; and Mary Arden's farm a disreputably unhistorical building. Anne Hathaway's cottage is a place which every Shakespeare-loving visitor to his native town makes a point of inspecting. It has been good enough for all the myriad tourists of all nationalities that have flocked to see it; yet recently a dark rumour has been going about seriously affecting its bona fides as

a genuine article. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearian critic, we are told, is of opinion that the probabilities are decidedly against the so-called cottage ever having contained the woman who, at the age of twenty-seven, married William Shakespeare when the latter was only nineteen. Here is a pleasing illusion dissippated at once. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the Colonials who lately visited the spot, can no longer, as they recall that lowly cot nestling among tts trees, and ascend again in fancy the creaking wooden staircase, picture to themselves the May mornings when the Bard of All Time must have gone the same round on a courting expedition, and probably sate under the eaves with his arm round his future bride. The sighing tourist will whisper, What next? Well, the next surprise in store for him is the disestablishmant and disendowment of the old farmhouse still shown as that in which the poet's mother, Mary Arden, lived. Its history is now said to be altogether inconsistent with the theory that any of the ancestors of the Shakespeare stock ever resided there. In addition to the attack on the Bard's wife, his mother too meets with this tragic fate. We are on the high road to having it proved that no such person as Mary Arden ever lived; that, in fact, Shakespeare was such a wonderful man that he never had a mother at all. This about the cottage is distinctly bad news for those who some time ago spent their money on the "Shakespeare Fund," which went to purchasing for the good of the nation all the spots considered traditionally connected with the life of the master-poet. It is also dreadfully bad news for the foreigners now in London, and for the party of modern pilgrims from Greater Britain who are booked to "do" their Stratford in the course of this month. Have they come to England to find that Shakespeare's fame is Dead Sea fruit? They have probably heard all about the theory of the Baconian origin of the Shakespearian plays, and have laughed heartily at the newly-started notion imported from America that a signalling system exists in Shakespeare's works which reveals to the student of hieroglyphics all that can ever happen to himself, or to Bacon, or to both. But will they care to go to the shrine of the great poet if a cloud of doubt surrounds some of its most cherished monuments? If everything at Stratford were shown as being only doubfully connected with the Bard? For example, instead of the guide-post pointing the way to Anne Hathaway's Cottage, it might be sadly truthful to say "To the reputed cottage of Anne Hathaway." Mary Arden's farm ought to be ticketed as an "uncertain" building, and Shakespeare's tomb in the church would have to be pointed out as the tomb "either of Shakespeare or somebody else."

Diverting as this sportive view is of the tourist's concern in modern Stratford, few lovers of the plays and poems will fail to take a pensive interest in the Warwickshire village, whenever his steps are turned in that direction, no matter how many doubts are shouted around him.

It certainly is not satisfying, in the childish relic-hunting sense, to visit Stratford. At least the writer of this could never find it so. Nor would it be, if it were possible to label it from *Holy Trinity* to *The Birth-Place* with certificates scientifically attesting every relic, from the ring to the crumbled skeleton possibly lying under that much-rubbed stone in the chancel floor, as deserving of absolute faith. Not Stratford, or any other earthly spot, which was merely the shrivelled husk and transient dwelling place of a germ of life and ideality, that grew from it, indeed, but left its most interior and peculiar essence elsewhere,—in the minds that recognize it and make it in some degree there own,—can yield that high and intimate satisfaction which an appreciative reader can find at home, in his own house, by the help of a few pages of black type, more powerful then any fabled Abracadabra, to bring him on such a journey as nothing else, short of Goethe's mephistophelian cloak, could so speed him on

Yet, barring out of consideration the idle and puerile pleasure of the credulous curiosity-hunter there is a kind of satisfaction in visiting Stratford that some tourists will wish always to give themselves. It is as an illustration or a symbol of the underlying philosophy of history that Stratford appeals to them. In this light its position in the annals of English life and literature, will not easily be disturbed. And in this connexion they will continue to feel a certain measure of interest in the careful keeping of the rêlics of the place. Doubts of the Hathaway cottage or of Irving's chair will not so much affect their concern in modern Stratford as will such a rumor as the following, implying a reprehensible carelessness in the work of restoration which one would be glad to know the truth about from the reverend Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

The item is taken from the Birmingham *Daily Post*:—

A Shakespearian Relic in Danger.—Great astonishment has been caused by the discovery that in the course of the restoration work that is now going on at the parish church, Stratford-on-Avon, an interesting Shakespearian relic is in imminent danger of being completely destroyed. The memorial tablet recording the deaths of George and Esther Hart, direct descendants of Joan, sister of William Shakespeare, has been removed from its original position on the exterior wall of the north aisle and fixed in the ground near the public footpath, where it serves the purpose of a kerbstone. It is in such a position that any mischievous boys could kick or scrape their feet on it, and the stone is already crumbling to pieces, the figures being entirely obliterated. Unless speedily rescued from its present position the tablet will be irretrievably lost. Joan was the poet's eldest sister. She married a Hart, and the family lived in Shakespeare's birthplace until about ninety years ago. From further investigations made it appears that the stone possesses greater interest than was at first supposed. George Hart was grandson of Joan, the poet's eldest sister,

to whom Shakespeare bequeathed £20., his wearing apparel, and a life interest in the "birthplace" property in Henley Street. George Hart married Esther, daughter of Thomas Lydiate, of Stratford, in 1657. She died in 1696, and her husband in 1702. They had issue seven children. Shakespeare, by his will, left £5. to each of the three sons of his sister Joan, among whom was Thomas, George Hart's father. The stone, therefore, is one of the oldest that was erected in memory of the Hart family. When removed from its original position on the wall the greater part of the date was intact; it has now wholly disappeared, and every day is adding to the mischief. The stone forms a convenient seat for loungers in the churchyard, who amuse themselves by kicking their heels against it. Yesterday several fragments of stone were picked up from around the base.

A letter in the *Times*, August 3rd, from the well-known Shakespearian, Mr. Samuel Timmins, one of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, referring to the above item, very justly says that if this is correct the appeal of the Vicar of Stratford will lose most of its force.

Mr. Timmins continues:—Many local Shakespearians decline to subscribe except for such reparations as were approved by the Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings in an admirable survey and report some three years ago.

The proposed removal of the galleries and the open benches, which are not yet fifty years old, may be a church matter, but of no Shakespearian interest, while the removal and neglect of monumental tablets demands an earnest protest. One line of the doggerel verse may well be quoted now—

Bleste be ye man yt spares these stones.

The Athenæum of August 7th sounds still another note of alarm on the score of these Restorations. It says that the proposition to rebuild the "vestry," means nothing more nor less than to distribute the ancient charnel house, over which was once a small room. The remains of this, still preserved under ground, ought to be uncovered and protected, instead of being sacrificed to a modern building, and it is to be hoped, since the Vicar of Stratford has appealed to the public for assistance on the ground of its interest in the birthplace of Shakespeare, that he may consider himself engaged to carry on the work under absolute deference to the superior value of the slightest relic whatsoever of implied Shakespearian association.

Death of the former Stratford Librarian.—Mr. James Gibson, formerly Librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, having resigned his position some months ago on account of ill health, died at Stratford on the tenth of July. His Bibliography of Robert Burns, was published in 1881. He compiled also a book on the *Inscriptions of Tombstones and Monuments Erected in Memory of the Covenanters.*

In Memoriam Shakespeare.—The Memorial Library has received another fine present of books from Sir Theodore Martin. This gentleman takes a very warm interest in the formation of the Library, and it is encouragement of this kind that leads one to believe that before many years elapse the Memorial buildings will fulfil all the objects for which they were erected. In the theatre there is represented, each succeeding April, two or three of Shakespeare's grand creations, one "new" play at least being yearly produced; the picture gallery is furnished with paintings, chiefly illustrating Shakespearian subjects, by artists whose names take high rank; and the Library, as I have said, is likely to become one of the most representative of the poet's works in the kingdom. In Sir Theodore Thomas and Mr. Henry Graves, of London, the Shakespeare Memorial has a couple of friends whose united efforts will render attractive at least two departments of the institution. Their example will, doubtless, inspire others.

—Stratford-upon-Avon *Herald.*

Hathaway or Whately.—A. Hall, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, makes the most of an ingenious supposition that Richard Hathaway alias Gardner of Stratford, who died in 1582, may have married a widow named Whately, from Temple Grafton, which would then be Anne Whately's birthplace, and she be entitled to the name Hathaway as step-daughter and half of blood to his own children. This would account for Anne's seniority to the surviving Hathaways and for her exclusion from her step-father's will, and if the Whately family held property in Temple Grafton she would be heir to an interest therein through her mother's right in dower from her own father, and her settlement as Anne Whately, of Temple Grafton, would be authorized. He adds:—

> We must not drop the Hathaway connection because it is known that Fulke Sandells and John Richardson who became sureties under Shakespeare's marriage bond, (November 28th, 1582,) were concerned together in Richard Hathaway's will, that Thomas Whittington, who was shepherd of the Hathaways, kept money deposited in the hands of Mrs. Anne Shakespeare, formerly Hathaway, alias Whately; further, in 1565-6, John Shakespeare appears to have been surety for this R. Hathaway, at which time the infant poet was twenty months old and his future bride about nine years.
>
> Pilgrims, take courage. We know by one safe document that Anne Hathaway became the poet's wife, and by another she may have been named Whately.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Dall, in her book *What We Realty Know About Shakespeare*, unsafe guide as she is, in many important respects, in this particular, was one of the first to lead the way towards the conclusion which now seems sure to prevail that Shakespeare's wife was not the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery (see pp. 32 and 163, also p. 183, where she numbers it among the new points she believes she has made).

In commenting upon these Mr. Rolfe said, (in the department

Shakespeariana, Boston *Literary World*, January 23rd, '86, p. 30):

On one at least * * we believe she is right, namely, that Anne Hathaway was probably *not* the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery. To this conclusion we ourselves came some months ago, and in a parlor lecture on *Shakespeare as a Man*, which was read in Hartford, November 18th, '85, we said: It is generally agreed that Anne was the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, whose will, dated in 1581, makes specific bequests to seven children, Bartholomew, Thomas, John, William, Agnes, Catherine and Margaret, but contains no reference whatever to Anne. As this was a full year before her marriage to William her relations to him cannot have had anything to do with this omission. For myself I find it difficult to get rid of a lurking suspicion that this Richard Hathaway was not Anne's father but some other Hathaway of Shottery. It is curious, however, though no one has noted it before, so far as I am aware, that Fulke Sandells, one of the signers of Anne's marriage bond a year later, was one of the "supervisors" of the will; while the other bondsman, John Richardson, was a witness to the will. But if these persons were intimate friends of one branch of the Hathaway family they may naturally enough have been on equally close terms with another branch. Mr. Rolfe adds that he referred the question to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who considered it worthy of investigation.

A Bishop's Bones.—In a coffin built up in the masonry in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral has been found the skeleton of Edward VII's Lord Privy Seal, "the haughty prelate, Bishop of Exeter," who with Sir Edward Courtney, his younger brother, and "with many more confederates" took up arms at Bosworth against the "bloody dog" of Gloster. [*Richard III;* IV. iv. 502].

Kean's Purse. — In his address at Oxford Mr. Irving spoke of the last days of Edmund Kean, who died without a ten-pound note. A few days after he received a letter from Robert Browning, enclosing the slightly faded green silk purse found in the pocket of the great actor after his death "without a sixpence therein." It was given by Charles Kean to John Forster and by him to the poet. "How can I more worthily place it," writes Mr. Browning, "than in your hands, if they will do me the honor to take it, along with all respect and regard."

Mr. Massey's Lectures.—Mr. Gerald Massey, well known to Shakespearians as a critic who holds for the abstract and allegorical interpretation of the *Sonnets*, began a series of ten "literary and evolutionary" lectures in St. George's Hall, London, on the 31st of August. The first of these is *On the Man, Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare on the Continent in 1774.—Prof. James D. Butler writes:—In one of the best books of Eighteenth Century travel, by

Doctor John Moore,—father of him who fell at Corunna, and was immortalized by Wolfe's lines on his burial,—may be found a stray morsel or two concerning foreign appreciation of Shakespeare. It may be worth noting, as an illustration of how much sooner the great English dramatist was appreciated in Germany than in France that Dr. Moore chronicles the Prussian Crown Prince in Potsdam as "studying Shakespeare (Vol II. p. 251) and having actually read two or three of his plays." The Englishman thought Shakespeare must be all Greek to a foreigner and told the royal student so, and that plainly.

> The Prince said he was aware of all this, yet he was determined to struggle hard for some acquaintance with an author so much admired by the English nation; that though he should never be able to taste all his excellences, he was convinced he should understand enough to recompense him for his trouble; that he had already studied some detatched parts which he thought superior to anything he had ever met with in the works of any other poet.

This conversation, let it be noted, took place when A. W. Schlegel, who is thought to have made the first apocalypse of Shakespeare's true inwardness to Germany, if not to the world, was not yet seven years old. It was only a score of years after Diderot, ranking among the chief of French critics, pronounced Shakespeare an "admirable monster full of barbarous absurdities with not the least spark of good taste. In him nature was pleased to combine all we can imagine of strong and great with whatever is most mean and detestable in clownishness devoid of all wit."

Shakespeare on Base Ball.—Some one has collated the following references to base-ball in Shakespeare: "The nine worthies." "Pardon me if I speak like a Captain." "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch." "No doubt but that he hath got a quiet pitch." "I'll have an action of battery against him." "Masking the business from the common eye." "Kind umpire of men's miseries." "Must have a stop." "Had no other books but the score and the tally." "As swift in motion as a ball." "A hit, a very palpable hit." "It was a black, ill-favored fly." "For nothing can seem foul to those that win." "Our play is preferred." "The base is right." "'Tis time we twain did show ourselves in the field." "Taste your legs; put them in motion." "He that runs fastest gets the ring." "Would I were gently put out of office before I were forced out."

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